

No. XXVI.

JUNE.



LONDON: W. KENT & CO. DUBLIN: WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

MDCCCLXIV.

[The right of publishing Translations of Articles in this Magazine is reserved.]

T

T

T
R

M
R

R
V

T
A
S
I
M

A
L
R
T

C

THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS.—JUNE 1864.

	PAGE
THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JACOB MORRISTON,	113
CHAP. XLIX.—THE BEGINNING OF THE END.	
" L.—A LETTER FROM MR. HORATIO JOHNSON.	
" LI.—AND LAST.	
A GREAT MAN,	127
THE THEATRE, BY HERBERT GRAHAM,	129
HARRY VOWHAMPTON—A NOVELETTE, BY FEATHER PENN, ESQ.,	135
CHAP. XII.—WEDDING BELLS—ONE, TWO, THREE.	
" XIII.—THE VISITORS' LIST AT THE "OLD SHIP" HOTEL, DOVER.	
MESSMATES,	145
POSITIVISM AND POETRY IN THEIR RELATION TO NATURE, BY S. F. WILLIAMS,	149
BROOK AS IT IS, BY A FEMALE PHOTOGRAPHER,	157
WOMEN OF MERIT CONNECTED WITH CRIMINAL TRIALS, BY SERJEANT BURKE,	161
THE GREATEST PLAGUE OF LIFE,	179
A SUMMER RAMBLE IN OXFORD, BY GWYNETH,	184
SCHILLER'S "BRIDE OF MESSINA," BY AN ENTHUSIAST,	187
IN CÆLO QUIES ! BY MISS SHERIDAN CAREY,	193
MISSES AND MATRIMONY, EDITED BY W. W. KNOLLYS,	197
CHAP. XIX.—NO LICENSE—WHAT'S TO BE DONE?—THE MILITARY PARSON—AN ANGLO-INDIAN MARRIAGE, AND AN IRISH SPEECH—THE NEW STATION, AND ITS INHABI- TANTS.	
" XX.—A MEDDLESOME MISSIONARY—BEAUX AT THE BAND- STAND—UP AT THE HILLS—LOVELY AND LOVING— A TONIC—AN UNFORTUNATE LETTER.	
A MIDSUMMER DAY'S DREAM,	207
LUDWIG UHLAND, BY J. A. LANGFORD,	209
REJECTED,	214
THE LADY'S LITERARY CIRCULAR—A REVIEW OF BOOKS CHIEFLY WRITTEN BY WOMEN,	215
CURRENT HISTORY OF LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC EVENTS,	217

EDINBURGH: THE CALEDONIAN PRESS.

LONDON: W. KENT & CO. DUBLIN: WILLIAM ROBERTSON.


AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

CONTENTS—JUNE 1854.

113	THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JACOB ROBERTSON.
	CHAS. KELIC—THE DISCOVERY OF THE NEW
	L—A LITTLE MORE OF HENRY JOHNSON
	II.—A LITTLE MORE
127	A GREAT MAN.
129	THE TREATY OF HENRY CANTON.
132	HARRY WASHINGTON—A NOVEL BY FREDERICK FENY, ESQ.
	CHAS. XII.—WEDDING BELLS—ONE TWO THREE
	XIII.—THE TREATY OF THE "OLD SOLE" HOTEL
	LOVER.

** The First, Second, Third, and Fourth Volumes of "*The Rose, The Shamrock, and The Thistle Magazine*" may now be had, handsomely bound in Embossed Cloth, gilt edges, price Seven shillings and sixpence.

For the convenience of Subscribers Embossed Cloth Covers for the First, Second, Third, and Fourth Volumes are sold separately, price One Shilling each. By post, Fourteen pence.

 All communications for the Editor, and all letters on business matters, should be sent direct to the Publishing Office, 31 HANOVER STREET, EDINBURGH.

207	A MURDERER'S DAY DREAM.
209	EDWIN LUCAS, BY J. A. LARSON.
214	RECEIVED.
	THE LADY'S LIVEREST (CHURCH) A NOVEL BY HENRY CHERRY.
215	WINTER BY WINTER.
217	CURRENT HISTORY OF ILLNESS AND SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.

EDINBURGH: THE CALLEDONIAN PRESS.

LONDON: W. KENNELMAN ROBERTSON.

The Editor cannot be responsible for the return of rejected Contributions. Authors are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE.

JUNE 1864.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JACOB MORRISTON.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

SOME months after the events recorded in the last few chapters, Jacob Morriston was taking authorship in a very comfortable fashion. The library of Mr. Bonsall, which had appeared to him so magnificently cozy, was not more of a book-paradise than the one in which he was engaged upon his "Romantic History of the Welsh," at Neathville, nor so much indeed; for in Jacob's study there was a presiding angel who sat near him at his work and called him husband. What were Jacob's troubles and trials now that his barque, as Mr. Windgate Williams would put it, had sailed gloriously into the harbour of Fame, Fortune, and Matrimony! I really do not know whether Jacob deserved so much happiness or so much honour. The critics, it was true, said that his "On the Track of a Sunbeam," was one of the most charming works of imaginative genius since "The Tempest" and "Undine." His wife thought there was nothing equal to it in literature. The *Dinsley Courant* went into the most extravagant ecstasies about it, the reviewer closing three columns of pompous eulogy, by stating that "the editor of this journal could not conclude these few remarks, which fell so far short of the subject, without expressing in some manner the inconceivable delight which he felt in being able to inform his readers that Jacob Morriston, who had stamped such an indelible mark on the roll of Fame, had made his first serious effort at composition in the columns of



the *Courant*, which might, in reality, be regarded as the cradle in which the mighty genius had been rocked; and, to follow up the simile, he (the Editor) might humbly take credit for being the literary nurse who had rocked it."

Jacob's visit to Bathton, though it had led to the speedy marriage of the lovers, had not been quite satisfactory to Lucy's uncle, who not only wished to stipulate that Jacob should change his name, but also that he should undertake to contest any vacant seat in Parliament which he (Mr. Thornton) might select. The old man was very grand about his ancestors, and the necessity of Jacob being something more than an author: and, moreover, with all due deference to Jacob's abilities, he thought that if a man was an author at all, he should aim higher than being a mere writer of fairy tales, which were only fit for women and children. He had not much respect for scribblers, he said, at any time, but he could tolerate historians, and wits of fashion. Jacob would not consent to either of the suggested arrangements, whereupon Mr. Thornton bade a long farewell to the perpetuation of Thorntonian greatness, and determined upon relinquishing all the schemes of ambition, which the discovery of Lucy had for a time aroused in his mind, and finish his existence in that quiet jog-trot fashion, which had been interrupted by the arrival of the letter from his brother's son, the soldier.

The change which had taken place in his master, and a violent row he had had with Mr. Allen concerning that gentleman's officiousness in the matter of the love-letters, which had done so much mischief, blighted the hopes of the master's man. Mr. Allen's long cherished idea of marrying Lady Faumpington's housekeeper, when his master should have a companion in an aristocratic son-in-law, was knocked on the head, as he told that charming damsel. With a limp, though agitated shirt frill, he bemoaned his unhappy lot; and the base creature, whom he had so long adored, eloped the next day with the French cook of an adjacent Bishop; which circumstance so affected Mr. Allen, that he went into a violent fit of coughing and perspiration, which resulted in the bursting of his waistcoat, and made him a miserable valet ever afterwards.

On the completion of the Welsh book, and the receipt of a cheque for nearly double the amount expected for the work, Lucy and Jacob paid a visit to Mr. Paul Ferris. Edith and Spen were a very happy couple, and had received such warm invitations to visit the Grove, that they had arranged a triumphant tour, "some Passion-week" to Dinslëy; where Edith fully intended to show off her prince before her envious friends, and duly patronize her fawning sisters, who wrote to her in terms of the most glowing affection, immediately after reading in the *Courant* that "the eminent and distinguished comedian, Paul Ferris, Esq., had just led to the hymeneal altar, Miss Edith Winthorpe, the lovely and accomplished daughter of Mrs. Winthorpe of the Grove, in this town." They had treated her cards with contempt, but unable to resist this paragraph, and the visions of a house in town, and long sisterly visits thither,

had poured out the latent tenderness of their virgin hearts upon Mrs. Ferris, in gushing floods of ink, on shining leaves of scented note-paper, sealed with the motto, "though absent ever dear." Lucy and Jacob spent a very merry time in London with Spen and Edith; but I must remark by the way that their majesties could not have done the thing so handsomely, and been so careless about the cost on the mere strength of the pecuniary results of Jacob's literary labours, large as they were, though the young husband had made some extraordinary vow in his own mind, concerning Lucy's fortune, whereby he should lose none of that independence of feeling which would rather have had Lucy penniless than wealthy. However, he managed to "pocket the affront," and spend the result most magnificently.

Mr. Liston Dudley had been induced to dream away his remaining years in the society of Spen and Edith. The old man was supremely happy in the contemplation of the joyous realization of the dearest hopes of his two Cartown pupils though he had his own secret sorrow, which he nursed and contemplated on the anniversary of a certain day always kept in strict and religious solitude.

A pilgrimage which the happy bride and bridegroom made to Cartown and the house amongst the trees, a few months later, revealed a pathetic episode in the married life of Will Tunster, and our old friend Dorothy.

It was evening when Jacob and Lucy, after a series of short journeys, reached Cartown; but the sun was only just beginning to show golden signs of his departure to other lands, so they determined to see Mr. and Mrs. Tunster that night. And, full of the past, they determined to walk the old walk together, and to order a conveyance to be in waiting for them, on their return, in the lane near the site of the old gipsy encampment. Lucy hung fondly upon Jacob's arm, and when they reached the bridge, over the Cartown river, Jacob paused to tell her how he had once stayed there years before, when winter had stilled the river and covered it up with ice; and then, whilst the birds sung their evening songs around them, and drowsy bees and beetles buzzed a heavy chorus, he told her of his journey in the snow, and the footprints which were not hers. Tears of sorrow and joy stole gently down Lucy's cheeks at the recital; she looked through them up into her husband's face and asked him if the ice was really thawed at last, and the sunshine come? Jacob's reply was not in words; he drew Lucy closer to his side and they wandered down the leaf-shadowed lane, eloquent in their loving silence.

Highway and lane and fields were soon left behind, and so was the well-known stile that led to the wood, which seemed to put out its umbrageous arms affectionately over the children who had returned to its bosom. The rill, which had so often sung songs of joy and hope to the lovers in the long past days, whispered and murmured over the old mosses and pebbles; glided by the same knotted roots; chattered over the same stones; and lost itself in the same leafy valley. What

happiness to feel that there was no rebuke in the constancy of that little rill!

They found Will Tunster hale and hearty, sitting on a bench in the garden amusing himself with his time-honoured bugle, breathing through its old crooks the airs which had once been so familiar to Lucy and Jacob in the days of the Middleton mail. Dorothy, in a white cap and apron, with a shawl pinned over her shoulders, sat sewing close by. An old shepherd's-dog (the sight of which gave Jacob a pang of memory concerning Cæsar, which died the day after Mrs. Titsy's marriage) lay asleep at the threshold of the house; a great white cat sat lazily watching a blackbird, that was singing in an adjacent copse; and a kitten was playing with a reel of cotton which had fallen from Mrs. Tunster's knee.

The meeting was a sad yet a happy one. After the first surprise and the greeting on both sides were over, and Will had gone out to get some fresh cream for tea, Lucy rallied Mrs. Tunster about her old love-making and endeavoured to elicit from her some particulars about her marriage.

"Ah, my love," said Dorothy sadly, "it's a long tale and getting rather foggy at my time of life."

"Your time of life, my dear Dorothy," said Lucy, as two fine rosy curly-headed fellows, bearing unmistakable evidence of their paternity, came romping in, and then shrunk back, abashed at their own impudence, to run off laughing down the garden.

"Ah," said Dorothy, not heeding the children, "I mayn't be so very old, but I seem to be. Well, I thank God I've helped to make somebody happy. To think of you two coming, man and wife, gentleman and lady, to see me again before I am laid, with my poor old mother, in the churchyard yonder."

"Don't talk in that fashion," said Lucy, rising and going towards her foster-sister.

"Well, I ought not, perhaps," said Dorothy; "but we get soberer as we get older. We may say the same things as we've said when we were young, but we say them solemnly like. There's Will, he plays the same tunes he used to play when I was a little wench, but there's not so much life in them now—their sound is more feeling like, as if they had had troubles like us, and had got to be quieter and solemnly than they used to be. Poor Will! he has been a good husband to me, and a good father to his children.

It required a second and a third visit to the Tunsters, ere Lucy and Jacob learnt all about the shadow which had fallen upon the dear old home amongst the trees. My readers are already acquainted with the fact of Dorothy's attachment, prior to her marriage with Will. The sailor-boy referred to, in several of my previous chapters, was originally an apprentice at Cartown, and engaged to Dorothy, whilst both were in their teens. A bad master, and indifferent parents, had led to his running

away ; but Dorothy was made fully aware of his plans, and was thrown into a flutter of delight, at uncertain intervals, afterwards, by his characteristic and encouraging letters. The last she had received, told her of his being made chief-mate of his ship, and spoke of his return, when he intended to put into the port of Matrimony for the remainder of his days. But month after month, year after year passed away, and Dorothy received no more tidings of her lover ; and, at length, even she was compelled to believe, with everybody else, that he was dead. My readers know what eventually followed ; but they do not know, that, hardly had Dorothy and Will been married two years, when the runaway apprentice returned from his long exile, years of which he had spent in a foreign dungeon. It was a great trial for Dorothy, but she bore it. The returned sailor, in despair, would have carried her off, but Dorothy calmly resisted all his temptations. Will Tunster, honest, warm-hearted Will, would have given her up and cancelled her marriage. The woman having become the wife, was not, however, to be shaken in her honour and integrity.

"I loved thee once, Tom Huntly," she said, "and thou knows it ; but now and for ever thou art as dead to me, as I thought thee, when I stood in our old parish church, and bound myself, for weal or for woe, to Will Tunster, the mail-driver of Crossley."

Nevertheless there was long afterwards a shadow on the spirit of Dorothy, but she never let it fall upon Will Tunster, though she could not help showing it to Jacob and Lucy. She was a true wife to Will, combatting and conquering what she regarded as the unlawful bent of her affection towards her early love. Patiently, and with enduring fortitude, did the good soul strive to forget the past, and to love, honour, and obey, the man who had sworn to cherish and protect her. In the end, as the duties of the mother succeeded to those of the wife, a higher and holier feeling took the place of respect and esteem, and Will Tunster was beloved of Dorothy his wife.

CHAPTER L.

A LETTER FROM MR. HORATIO JOHNSON.

"Barminster, Canada West,

"Tuesday —, 18—.

"MY DEAR MR. JACOB,—This is the true land of liberty, boundless and free as the ocean over which we passed ; but there are drawbacks in the freedom of both, nevertheless, as there are blemishes in everything else : for instance the sea takes a freedom with one's stomach, which we do not always relish ; and your stock, out here, take liberties with their freedom, which is often very annoying, not to say unpleasant and trouble-

some. Last week I was out for three days looking up some oxen, and whilst I write Tom Titsy, my worthy son-in-law, has been away for more than four and twenty hours on a similar expedition; but Tom is an excellent hand with a rifle—he kills birds better than he set type, and Susan says he is sure to bring back some partridges, which, let me observe, Mrs. Johnson cooks to perfection.

“We had a very rough voyage out here, but all things considered we stood it admirably if not more so; though I woke up one night, in my shirt, rowing for life, on the hard boards of our cabin, with Mrs. Johnson alarming the whole ship by her cries for a light. I had dreamt we were shipwrecked, and, in very desperate efforts to save the truest of women, had fallen out of my berth, or got out of it in some extraordinary way, to the no small discomfort of myself and the alarm of my wife. I tell you this incident because it is funny and may relieve the monotony of an uninspired writer, like myself, who does not possess those powers which so adorn the name of Morriston. I have often sat down to describe to you the marvellous evidences of greatness and the wonders of this country, which must be seen to be appreciated. Quebec interested us particularly, but Mrs. Johnson got nervous about the earthquake of 1663, traces of which are still shown to strangers. Poor dear woman, she fancied she felt the earth trembling under her; so we pushed on with all speed to Montreal; but, suffice it to say that, after much travelling, much bargaining, much trouble, many strange incidents, I bought a farm out here at Barminster, where we are all pleasantly settled. In my next letter I shall give you all particulars about the extent of our dominions, the quality of our stock, the profit we expect to realize by the clearance of an adjacent forest, which towers up in native grandeur to the skies. Our house is roughly built of logs and framework, but it is immensely comfortable, and at nights we sit round the fire and talk of Middleton, and I read aloud in the old Shakespeare, whilst Tom cleans the guns, and Susan prepares the supper, and my wife (the best of women) knits stockings for everybody. But Tom is not with us to-night, and we are rather anxious about him, a fierce snow-storm having set in—and the woods are dreadful mazes in the snow. However, Tom is very careful and has no doubt found shelter with some distant neighbour. We are all longing for the summer, when we have arranged the commencement of such a vigorous attack on the Bush, hard by, as shall considerably add to the extent of land cleared, where I intend to found a name, and a fame, and a family, that shall one day be the aristocracy of this rising country.

“Mrs. Johnson and Susan are getting anxious about Tom; they think, as the snow is coming down very thickly, that we should have the bell rung and the horns blown for fear he may have lost his way. Women are naturally timid; though my wife and daughter have taken to our rough but comfortable life here, with a spirit and a will that is delightful to contemplate. But, in deference to their anxiety, I must leave off writing to-night, and pay them some little extra attentions, first seeing that the

dinner horns are well-blown, though I am quite satisfied that Tom is all right somewhere.

"*Moniti meliora sequamur!*—A week has passed away since I left off writing; and the woman's instinct was in part right. Mrs. Titsey had several times said that she was sure 'something was going to happen' (a favourite phrase with women), on the night when I began writing this letter, as I have before intimated: she felt all over as if something was going to happen, and sure enough she was right. Tom did not come home for five days from his first setting out. We were all in great alarm about him, and sent out our hands to search, and at length they found him safely housed, and the few cattle he went after duly sheltered.

"But what a story Tom has come home with! I have always been a believer in the "destiny that doth shape our ends, rough hew them how we may;" but I am becoming more and more a confirmed and fixed fatalist, although, somewhat paradoxically as it may appear to you, there is not in my mind the least shadow of a doubt that punishments and rewards belong to this life, as well as to the state to come. Tom was lost in the snow; but, eventually, the beacon-light of a shanty, whose occupants had been living in the Bush, brought him to a friendly haven. Inside he found a woman, two children, and a rough-looking fellow, who had gone shares in the labour of the woman's husband. The woman was young, had been good-looking, and was almost as dark as a gipsy. Her husband had been out for two days, having started to shoot for the pot. The children were fierce sturdy-looking boys. Tom got refreshment and permission to remain until morning, and was pleased to find that the woman knew something about Dinsley county. When she found that Tom knew the same place, however, she seemed desirous to speak of other subjects, but she had mentioned Cartown (where you were at school, you know), and Tom was so much interested, and talked so much about some splendid drives he'd had through that district, that at last the woman talked about the green lanes thereabouts, and then began to cry; whereupon, the rough brute, I have spoken of, laughed and mocked, and Tom and he nearly came to blows about it. However, the fellow slunk off soon afterwards; but the woman would say no more. In the morning she begged Tom to stay until this man, who had gone out early to seek his comrade, returned, and then she spoke again of Dinsley county, in England, and he spoke of his visit to you, with the late Mr. Morriston, when you were at Cartown school. She would have you described to her, and she said she knew you; and immediately afterwards began to cry again and say she did not. Then Tom got quite frightened at the poor creature, she became so fierce in her weeping, her eyes flashed like two stars, and the two young ones seized Tom by the legs and kicked him, thinking he had hurt their mother. By and bye the searcher returned (he did not look so brutal as before), and said he had found the master—they must go to him, as he could not come to

them. Tom went forth with the rest, and not more than two miles from home they found, lying beside the embers of a fire, which had been made in the shade of a tree, where the snow had been partially cleared, the dead frozen corpse of Julius Jennings. Such are the decrees of fate, such the certain punishment of crime; for none can doubt that Jennings was seriously implicated in the murder of Silas Collinson. His wife now tells us she was a gipsy-girl, her name Miriam, and that she was married to Jennings, according to the ceremonies of her tribe, her husband having become one of them; they had, however, been unable to remain in England, she says, because of some great debt which her husband informed her he was responsible for, and after spending several years in America, buying goods and hawking them, they had, about a year ago, come to Canada to live in the Bush, as best they could, nothing having prospered with them. Strange creatures are women! Notwithstanding her connexion with Jennings, Mrs. Titay and my wife have begged earnestly of me to let the poor broken-down creature come to live with us. Jennings' comrade has started off for Montreal, thinking the weather was clearing, but the snow has come on again; and he's as certain to come to a similar end to that of Jennings, as certain as I am writing to you, unless he meets with speedy shelter. But he's evidently a bad fellow. We want all the assistance we can get, and I cannot baulk such a genuine piece of benevolence, so Mrs. Miriam (that is to be her name—we can't call her Jennings) is coming to us, with her two fierce little boys; and in the summer we shall rig up a more extensive establishment, which will be rendered absolutely necessary, ere long, by the arrival of more additions to our household.

"I shall write again soon, and with the united best wishes of all to yourself, and the Mrs. Morriston that is to be, I am, ever yours truly,
HORATIO JOHNSON."

"P.S.—This has been written a fortnight but no opportunity of posting arose until to-day. I therefore open it to say that we are all well. Mrs. Miriam is with us, and a good creature she is, and quite pretty still, Susan says. What trouble the poor woman must have gone through! Her boys will make first-rate cattle-minders; they are up to all sorts of tricks, and their occasional laughter makes our Canadian home seem all the more homely. Yesterday some wolves, pressed by hunger, howled round the place; I confess I would rather hear 'the watch-dog's honest bark.' Mrs. Miriam's eldest boy wanted to get out and fight them! We shall do battle with these fellows, however, by civilization, and the clearance of the bush. I feel quite young again with the incentives to industry here, and happier than ever I was in my life; and all my family now, in which I include Tom and Susan, have accepted the philosophy of the stupid old doctor, that everything happens for the best."

CHAPTER LI.

AND LAST.

MAGAR's stipulation for delaying the publication of his confession was to enable a certain individual to quit the country—Mrs. Magar, in that last visit to Dinsley gaol, having received a whispered hint to warn him—that individual being no other than the scoundrel who led the attack on Mr. Morriston's printing-office, and who, according to Magar's confession, was paid by himself for performing the chief part in the assassination of Collinson. He was also believed to be the man engaged to make away with Susan, and through whom for some time the American dummy letters reached Middleton-in-the-Water; and his end, predicted in the letter of Mr. Johnson quoted in the previous chapter, was told sometime afterwards by the same person in the following words:

"The comrade of Jennings, who made an effort to get to Montreal, as I have described, was no doubt mixed up in the Middleton tragedy. Mrs. Miriam says that, soon after the execution, her husband brought him home one evening, when they were in America, and that it was chiefly through him that they determined to try living in the Bush in Canada: her husband did not like him, but there was something between them which compelled them to be friends, and when the fellow was drunk he let out things about his former career, which gave her days of dread and uneasiness, gipsy as she was. He knew a great deal about Middleton, and on dark nights when the wind was high, he had strange fits of terror and fury and cursing and praying, in his cups, that used almost to drive Jennings wild. I don't think she knows all, but she has led a dreadful life with those two rascals, though Jennings does not seem to have behaved what may be called unkindly to her. But, to proceed: I told you before that the fellow would never reach Montreal, and he did not. The snow came on again about two hours after he left, and the wind seemed as if it blew ice. It is fatal to fall asleep in such storms, but, after great fatigue in the cold, it is seldom that nature is proof against the temptation. Two days after his departure he was found dead in the snow, and on the news reaching us, which it did, because it was thought he might be one of my people I extemporized a sleigh, and Tom drove Susan over to see the body; this was for my own satisfaction and curiosity. It occurred to me several times that in this wretch she would discover her dreadful acquaintance of the steamer, and after seeing the body she believes him to be the same, though she could not undertake to swear to it."

I have not much more to tell. Jacob's literary successes increased and multiplied, and it was well they did, for more reasons than one; for the failure of a local bank, in which a good deal of the Thornton

funds were invested, swept away nearly the whole of the private fortune of Lucy; but this was a matter which only tended to bind the young people closer together, and was almost a matter of congratulation to Jacob. I do not say whether he was right or wrong in his sentiments on this point: but much as he loved Lucy, he had that staunch independent feeling within him which had often made him wish Lucy had been penniless. Indeed, the two had sometimes gossiped and chatted freely upon the subject, and Lucy's common sense view of the case seems to me in no wise inferior to Jacob's disinterested and rather romantic ideas.

"It had been the dream of my life, Lucy, to win you a home with my own single arm—to carve out a way for both of us, to show you of what stuff my affection was made," Jacob would say.

"And you don't like the Thornton sovereigns, which will insist upon belonging to you," Lucy would reply, patting Jacob on the cheek. "Well, we will give them away, my dear, or throw them into the river, if you like."

"Ah, you never will look at the matter in the light I wish to put it, Lucy," Jacob would continue more seriously.

"No, Jacob," the wife would reply; "but I'll be quite serious. You make money now no doubt quickly and with comparative ease; but I have read of cases where the *litterateur's* arm has been stricken down, or where other circumstances have arisen to impede him, either in his work or the sale of his productions; and then there has been a wife and children to be a burthen upon him, and drag him down, and make his life a misery. Think, Jacob, now—would it not be some consolation to you were you a woman, loving a man with all your heart and soul, to be enabled to think that the possibility of your being a burthen and misery and a drawback to him did not exist?"

And so, with her good sense, and her fine true judgment, Lucy would vanquish Jacob, and make him love her all the more; but, when the bank failed, he could not help feeling that a little weight had been lifted off his mind. Would it had carried no more sorrow into other households than it did into Beckington Crescent! Old Thornton was in a terrible way about it, and offered to make the sum up to Jacob out of his own private means; but Jacob and Lucy received the old gentleman with open arms and put such a good face on the matter that he soon recovered from his nervousness and chagrin, more particularly when Jacob said that it had created another object worth living for; he would set to work now he said, and show Mr. Thornton that the quills, which condescended to scribble fairy tales, could create real as well as imaginary golden eggs: and in the end Jacob's quill made a number of golden eggs, which mightily astonished Mr. Cavendish Thornton.

That proud old gentleman despite his professed abandonment of the subject long before, and notwithstanding the bank failure, nearly persuaded Jacob to enter into his ambitious plans with regard to Parliament. Indeed,

Jacob had so far acquiesced as to have commenced an address to the free and independent electors of Middleton-in-the-Water. Mr. Bonsall had been appointed a member of the Ministry, and was seeking re-election at the hands of the esteemed electors of his native and beloved borough. Jacob, with all his high and noble feelings could not help thinking that it would be a grand bit of revenge to go and defeat his father's treacherous enemy; and then it seemed to him that there was a good deal in what Mr. Thornton said about the glory and honour of being a member of the British senate and adding M.P. to your name. Many an author has thought so besides Jacob Morriston. Well, he would go and see his friend Squire Northcotes on the subject.

On arriving at Middleton, with a draft address in his pocket, he found that the Squire had himself been solicited to stand and had declined to be nominated. He thought it rather ungracious to oppose a man under such circumstances as those which had created the vacancy; but Bonsall certainly deserved it, he admitted; and when Jacob sat down over some of the Squire's prime '34, and told him all he knew about the *Star* business, the Squire rattled his gold and silver and vowed that Bonsall should never sit again for Middleton unopposed, dammee, as long as he had one guinea to rattle against another in contesting the seat. The end was that Jacob put aside his own designs upon the seat, and the Squire informed his friends that he had changed his mind about the election; and, with the aid of Jacob, sent out such an address as astonished all parties, and threw the little town into a state of delightful excitement. Solicitors were retained, public houses were opened, printing-presses were set to work, burgess lists were in demand, ward meetings were summoned; and there was a general ferment such as had not been experienced since the great election, years and years before, when Bonsall was returned.

It was a great fall for Mr. Bonsall. With his foot on the topmost stave of the ladder, and the sweets of office within his grasp he suffered for his insincerity towards his friend. And malicious though it may seem to some people, it was a source of satisfaction to Jacob to be enabled to tell Mr. Bonsall that he, the son of the late Mr. Morriston, had been the chief means of letting him down. But Mr. Thornton was not quite satisfied with the part Jacob had played, though his disappointment was much softened when he found that all the leading London papers published glowing articles upon Jacob's speech and exalted him far above the would-be Minister and the new M.P.; and when, at length, several little Morristons climbed the old man's knees, on his visits to Beckington Crescent, he came down from his high estate and acknowledged the excellence and the wisdom of Lucy Thornton's choice of a husband.

As time wore on it was needful that Jacob should have a secretary, or at least he thought so; and when he told his wife all he knew about Mr. Windgate Williams, she thought Jacob should not remain a day without making that gentleman an offer of such an appointment.

"Well," said Mr. Williams, to his shadow, which was reposing in gigantic proportions in the firelight of Mrs. Smick's first floor front, "I don't think I must refuse it; my experience will be valuable to him, and the work will be lighter. Ah, it's the way with these smart young fellows, they go ahead at first at a dashing rate, but they pull up after awhile: deuced clever is Jacob Morriston—there's no mistake about that: and he knows the value of Windgate Williams—not the smallest evidence of his wisdom."

And for Jacob's sake Mr. Williams removed to Bathton, but he was not permitted to leave the scene of his distinguished labours at Dinsley until he had been entertained at a complimentary dinner by a select party of his admirers, at whose hands he received a testimonial of their esteem and regard, and of the high respect they had for his eminent abilities, and as some small acknowledgment of the gratitude they felt in respect of his services in the cause of liberty and truth. Mr. Will Tunster's friend the local lecturer made the presentation, on behalf of the subscribers, in a speech full of the most touching eloquence; and Mr. Williams eclipsed himself in a reply in which, after telling his friends that the tongue failed to interpret the feelings of the heart on this occasion, he delivered himself of an oration, which lasted half an hour, and which was wound up in a peroration that was closed with a most audible sob and a most palpable tear.

So Mr. Williams left Mrs. Smick, who forthwith made overtures for his successor, and secured him; "which it were," as she remarked, to an enterprising young green-grocer, who loved taters with the skins on and Mrs. Smick's daughter to distraction, and had received permission to pay his addresses to Jumbo, on the strength of which he supplied the establishment with greens—"which it were very satisfactory to know, as you were not beholding to one gentleman no more than another, seeing, as poor Smick often said, that there was as good fish out of the sea as ever went into it, and it was not as if she was a reglar lodging-house keeper, having seen better times, whereby persons might be suspicious that she did not buy her own tea and sugar, or give all the cold meat from the tables to the poor; but, being above such ways, gentleman knew as her house was a home to them, and therefore her rooms was always jumped at, by one or another, as soon as she put her paper in the window, just as fast as the haddicks used to jump at the mussil bates, when poor dear Smick used to amuse his self with fishing; but as I was a saying, which it were not for me to—"

At this part of Mrs. Smick's edifying harangue, on the respectability and homely character of her establishment, Miss Jumbo, who had been swallowing her mother's words with open mouth, and beating time with a smoothing iron, to the delight of the ambitious green-grocer, who longed for a Smick—at this point, I say, of Mrs. Smick's address, when she was demonstrating most successfully to the lover the height to which his ambitious hopes aspired in marrying into her family, Jumbo dropped the

smoothing iron on her mother's toes, thus concluding the oration by a shriek which was so sudden and had such an effect upon the weak nerves of the sentimental green-grocer, that he fell down upon his knees and began to make love and pray and beg for mercy, all in a breath, and in such extraordinary terms, that even Jumbo thought he had gone mad. But he explained afterwards that his love for Jumbo was so great, and the words of Mrs. Smick so overpowering, and the object of his ambition so dear to him, that he was carried away by his feelings, and thought he had been the cause of the accident ; some people, who envy the greatness of the Smicks and the chance which Miss Smick has of being married, say that the green-grocer is no better than a harmless idiot, and that Jumbo will be a capital match for him ; but those who heard his prompt reply to Mrs. Smick with regard to his intentions, would, as that lady said, "not make themselves ridiculous by their hobervations, which it were not looks that she regarded, and the young man said straight out that his intentions were strictly honourable and a little shop of his own, which his father had bought him and a garden, and all rent free, with two rooms ready furnished, and serving many of the gentry, which it were not everybody as could make such a start as that, and the banns should certingly be put up, and let them as had any objectshun state it then or for ever hold their peace."

Every summer Jacob and Lucy leave their Bathton home for Neathville, where little voices often join their's, at sun-gilded twilight, in chanting an old hymn, the melody and the words of which cling about the parental hearts, and send the fancy back through the mists which now begin to hang about the factory at Middleton, and throw a halo over the trees near Cartown. Hand in hand, they often sit watching dear little forms romping on the grass where Jacob made his appearance years ago. The sea keeps up a constant ebbing and flowing music without, sometimes reminding Jacob of the brooks of old, and the Cartown river, and the weir near the Middleton mill ; and a vision will occasionally arise of the miller smoking by the smooth deep dam, and of a boy beside himself, with a passion too strong for his years, waiting calmly there, and fancying his mother beckoned him onwards. But it seemed to Jacob now, as if this boy was not himself, but another being whom he pitied deeply, and in whom he had a strange interest : and yet the sound of child-voices at play, and the song of birds, and the drowsy odour of flowers, and the flowing onwards of the river, would come back to him as he heard them on that evening, before the fever took him and converted him into the other and the different being. Then, as the sun gradually blushed itself away, he stood by his father's bed-side and heard the music of the familiar hymn, rise up like a heavenly welcome to a fleeting soul winging its flight to those who waited for it in emerald fields and by living golden waters. The pent-up soul would blaze out in Jacob's eyes at the memory of these things, and he oftener remembered

the old schoolmaster's sermon about prayer, in the height of his prosperity, than when he was a wanderer and distressed. Lucy had her memories too, which would come back in these summer evenings by the sea; but Jacob was in them all, the good prince in all her fairy dreams, the true soul who loved her through the factory window, and fought, for her dear sake, the hosts of demons which bar the highways of Fame and Fortune against purseless ambition. Let us take leave of those two true souls as they sit hand in hand in their peaceful home, whilst the sun is gilding a glorious path, o'er which thought and imagination and prayers of gratitude, may traverse far away to that "happy land," of which the nearest earthly prototype lies in the domestic bliss of such a home as true love can make for all.

The evening shadows gather, as I write, deepening the hues of the golden pathway, and falling gently around those dear ones whom I am reluctant to leave; but I quit the place, with the evening song rising sweetly above the ocean's lullaby, and with a trembling hope that the music I have heard, and the pictures I have seen, may live in the memories of some of the many who have accompanied me through the shifting scenes of life, which I have striven to depict and bind up in these volumes.

THE END.

A GREAT MAN.

IN the year of grace 1720, just about the time of the bursting of the South Sea bubble, there came into the world, in the seaport of Maldon in Essex, a child that was destined to grow into a miracle of good-humoured obesity. More than a rival to the Falstaff of fiction, or the Daniel Lambert of reality, Edward Bright, a great-nephew, twice removed, of the Protector Oliver Cromwell, ate, laughed, and flourished for thirty years of the reigns of the first two Georges.

Mr. Bright's redundant corporeal substance was hereditary. Many of his ancestors and relations, both on his father's and his mother's side, had been—quaintly remarks the old book from which we take the story—"remarkably fatt," although very far inferior to him in bulk. The Staffordshire deacon's unctuous description might aptly enough be applied to this stout race: "They waxen fat; they shine."

The subject of our brief notice, although not remarkably larger than other infants at his birth, had already, at the age of twelve and a half years, increased to the size and weight of ten stone and four pounds. The "fat boy" in *Pickwick* could have been nothing to him. Seven years later he had more than doubled this bulk. Before his twentieth birthday he weighed twenty-four stone. Yet this human porpoise—says the old book already referred to—"was verie stronge and active, and used a grate deal of exercise, bothe when a boy, and after hee became a man. . . . Hee coulde walk verie well, and nimble too, having grate strength of muscles,—coulde not onlie ride on horseback, but woulde sometimes gallop after hee was grown to betweene thirty and forty stone weight."

Alas! for the degenerate stamina of our present countrymen. What Briton, of half Bright's size, could now-a-days do as he did, enjoy life, and go upon his daily business without painfully wheezing? Stout Ned Bright did both; he frequently "went to London about his affaires, a distance of forty miles,"—no railways, not even macadamized roads in those days, mind you,—"and walked aboute there;" and had grown to such a size before he left off this practice, that he "was the gazing-stocke and admiration of alle people, as hee walked alonge ye streets."

What was then the mode of living of this singularly constituted being? By what outrageous excess in diet did he attain and maintain his average increase in weight of two stone per annum? Certainly not by anything that could be called gluttony did the worthy grocer of Maldon keep up his extraordinary bulk, nor yet by any unusual indulgence in feeding beverages. Again we refer for information to his biographer, "Dr. T. Coe, physician at Chelmsford" in 1751. Dr. Coe says that Bright, when a youth, "had always a goode appetite, and used

to eat somewhat remarkably ; but, of late years, he did not eat more in quantity than many other men, who, we say, have good stomachs. . . . For some years past, his chief liquor was small beer, of which he commonly drank about a gallon in a day." Mr. Banting would probably tell us that the chief secret of Bright's excessive corpulence lay in this liberal allowance of "small beer," as the drink was then designated which we should likely not think "small beer" in these days of adulteration and fraudulent dilution.

The honest grocer, ponderous as he was, early found a pleasant, sensible helpmate. He proved a kind husband, and a tender father to his five children, as indeed he appears to have been exemplary in all the relations of life. "There was an amiable mind in this extraordinary over-grown bodie. Hee was of a cheerful temper, and a good-natured man, a good master, a friendlie neebour, and a verie faire, honest man, beloved and respected by all who knew hym." Such was the universal testimony of his friends and business connexions.

After enjoying a reasonable share of good health for many years, Bright was seized, towards his twenty-seventh birth-day, with a troublesome affection in one of his lower limbs. This re-appeared several times, and was met by vigorous measures on the part of his doctors. Either from this severe treatment, or because the troublesome affection aforesaid was really a natural precursor of Edward Bright's disappearance from the scene of his earthly "greatness," it so came about that in his thirtieth year the townsfolk of Maldon, calling at the old-accustomed shop in the High Street for their small purchases, were told, by solemn-browed shopmen, that "master" lay ready to die. His last illness was "a miliary fever," and it carried him off in the space of a fortnight. The coffin was of surprising dimensions ; it measured three feet six inches broad at the shoulders, two feet three inches and a half at the head, twenty-two inches at the feet, and three feet one inch and a half deep.

Such a coffin, containing such an inmate, could not be removed in the ordinary way ; an opening had to be made in the wall and staircase, through which the enormous burden was lowered into the shop. Thence it was conveyed to the church on a low-wheeled carriage, drawn by ten or twelve men, and was afterwards let down into the wide grave by an engine fixed up for that purpose. A great concourse of people, from many miles round, attended the obsequies. This extraordinary funeral took place in 1750.

The exact personal measurement of Edward Bright is on record. His height was five feet nine inches and a half. His girth round the chest was five feet six inches ; lower down, it increased to six feet eleven. The thickest part of his arm measured two feet two inches--of his leg, two feet eight. His weight, thirteen months before his decease, was forty-one stone ten pounds. To give a more lively idea of his almost incredible girth, it is related that after his death "seven men were buttoned intoe hys waistcoate."

THE THEATRE.

BY HERBERT GRAHAM.

THERE are very many people who look upon the theatre as an institution which never can be productive of any good, but on the contrary the source of incalculable evil. Such people are, for the most part, very bigoted, and of very austere natures. Upon amusements of every kind they look with undisguised horror. They appear to consider man's pilgrimage on earth a penance for the fall, and that, consequently, everything which tends to dispel or mitigate the pain, sorrow, and care, which are shared in by all, is wrong and sinful. They walk through the world wrapped in impenetrable gloom, deeming its innocent pleasures frivolous and irreligious. Doubtless they mean well; but I hesitate not to say they err. There are others, again, who object to the theatre, because they deem it a haunt of sin and profligacy. There is more truth in this latter objection than many theatre-goers care to admit; but, notwithstanding, I have a word to say on behalf of the theatre as a moral agent.

I consider the theatre a great moral agent because it provides amusement and instruction. Amusement is almost as necessary to the health of a man's mind, as are pure air and wholesome diet for his body. It matters not in what form the amusement is taken, provided that it be pure and taken in moderation. Too much amusement is as poisonous as too much physic. A few drops of laudanum may be the means of preserving your life; increase the dose and it will cause your death. And so with amusement: when taken in moderation it is beneficial; but when indulged in to excess it is hurtful. It is a grievous mistake to imagine that an unlimited quantity of a good thing cannot do harm. It is the exception when such is the case. In the theatre harmless amusement is provided. At one time we are told "it was the custom of women, who thought themselves modest and virtuous, to go in masks to witness the first representation of a drama, before its glaring indecencies could be generally known, after which, of course, they could not show themselves in the theatre;" but these indecencies were not confined to the theatre. Any person at all conversant with the literature and the manners of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, needs not to be informed that the pieces represented on the stage, were quite in accordance with the dissolute spirit of the time. I do not defend such representations on the stage; but if the theatre of the present day is made to suffer for the state of the theatre two hundred years ago, then, in all fairness, the literature and the social customs of our day must likewise suffer for the

literature and social customs of the past. The pieces now represented on the stage are quite as pure as is our other literature. Indeed, a great portion of our most popular literature is written by the very men who write the plays that are represented in our theatres. Just as little can dramatic literature be objected to as any other part of our literature. Very true that there are many very frivolous pieces put upon the stage, to listen to which partakes more of the nature of a punishment than a pleasure. But it is just as true that many frivolous books are published which it is more of a punishment than a pleasure to read. But every person has it in his power to avoid the punishment of listening to such plays, or reading such books, and while he has that power he can blame no one but himself if he is a sufferer. As amusements of a high class and a pure character have always a healthy moral effect, a well regulated theatre will ever be a means of elevating the mind from coarse and impure pleasures, to take a delight in those which are lofty and refined in tone.

But the theatre is an agent for communicating good by a still higher means than mere amusement. By theatrical representations, instruction, is disseminated. The purpose of playing "both at the first, and now, was and is to hold as 'twere the mirror up to Nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." A drama proper, is a representation, or picture, of life. In order to be a good dramatist, it is necessary to have an intimate acquaintance with the 'laws' (if I may use the term) which regulate human thought and action. The actions of the characters in a really good drama must ever follow each other in natural, and logical because natural, sequence. Unless, therefore, the dramatist has that intimate knowledge of human life to which I have referred, he never can produce a really good drama. There are comparatively few men who possess this knowledge to any very great extent, and a still smaller number who make use of their knowledge in dramatic composition. To this cause we may attribute the fact that we have so very few really good dramas. It is a more difficult thing to write a good drama than it seems. It is not a matter for much wonder, therefore, that our dramatists should, for the most part, content themselves with translations and adaptations. In the production of these, very little thought and still less knowledge of the inner nature of man are necessary. The thought and knowledge of life, as well as the incidents, are already provided and only require to be dressed in dramatic garb. Such dramas as are produced by men deficient in the necessary knowledge are dependent for their success solely upon extrinsic aids, such as scenery, imposing situations, or an appeal to the feelings; which latter, in the vast majority of cases, is totally out of place and betrays the want of that knowledge which I have said is necessary to make a great dramatist. For the same reasons it is equally difficult to write a good novel, which is also a picture of life; and, as the novelist does not and cannot receive any aid from the scenic artist, so it happens

that comparatively a greater number of dramas than novels become popular. We have in the present day very few great novelists. Everybody can appreciate the genial humour of Dickens; but examine his productions with a critical eye, as pictures of life, and a slight investigation will show you that his characters are often overdrawn and unnatural, more like caricatures than portraits. But still we love and fondle his books, laughing and crying over them. Nor is Bulwer Lytton a great novelist, if we take his collective novels into consideration; but he has written one or two splendid and truthful pictures of English life. Until recently almost the only true novelist of our time was the great man whose death has deprived our literature of one of its brightest ornaments, —William Makepeace Thackeray.

Bearing in mind what I have said is a necessary qualification of a really good dramatist, and, further, that very few of our greatest writers feel inclined to devote themselves to dramatic composition, because their talents can be more profitably employed, we need scarcely wonder at the inferiority of the greater portion of our dramatic literature. During nearly six thousand years the world has witnessed the birth of but one Shakespeare, as of one Homer, and perhaps it may never witness the birth of another. We must therefore be content with, and make the best of, that which we have, and let us be truly thankful that even one Shakespeare has been given to us.

Taking then our dramatic literature as it is, what is its moral effect when read in private? Considered as a whole, it is certainly in this respect no worse, if no better, than the greater portion of our most popular literature. It assuredly is not immoral. But dramatic literature, unless of the very highest class, is rather tame reading. That is an ordeal which, for the most part, it was never intended, and consequently is not fitted, to undergo, because it must ever depend for its effect, to some extent at least, on extrinsic aid. What in a novel calls forth the greatest efforts of word-painting is denied to the dramatist. Even an inferior novelist might make some impression by a description of, say, the Fairies' Well by Moonlight, and prepare the reader for what is to come. But it is only permitted to the dramatist to say, "The Fairies' Well—Moonlight," leaving it to the scenic artist to get up a suitable representation. It is obvious that the dramatist is thus at a disadvantage when his productions are read, because he has no opportunity, like the novelist, of preparing the reader for that which is to follow. The moonlight scene is left solely to the reader's imagination, and it may be that the reader has little or no imagination whatever. It is different with Shakespeare and others of the higher dramatists, because the thoughts expressed in the dialogue are of themselves so engrossing as to render the adjuncts of scenery, etc., of only secondary consequence. But even Shakespeare is not so highly appreciated when read in private, as when represented on the stage by graceful actors.

There being nothing then of an immoral tendency in the dramas

themselves, when read in private, let us see the form they take when represented on the stage—and it is only then that you can judge of their true character. If a drama has not a degrading or immoral tendency when read in private, it certainly cannot have an immoral tendency when represented in public by skilful and graceful actors. It rather gains in public exhibition, for it then has all the accessories which are necessary to render it complete.

Let us take Shakespeare's "Macbeth" as an illustration. If you have a strong imagination you can picture to yourself the various scenes, but it must be a very strong imagination which can picture "Macbeth"—hear the thunder, witness the actions of the witches, and, at the same time, admit of proper attention to the play itself. Very few people can do this; and so, when they read "Macbeth," its effect is greatly lost upon them from their inability to realize what in representation is supplied by scenic display. This is the great drawback in dramatic readings.

But suppose "Macbeth" is being represented on the stage. The first scene is "an open place—thunder and lightning—enter three witches." Instead of being dependent on imagination for a realization of what is necessary to the full appreciation of that which is to come, your eyes look upon a representation of the scene—an appearance of reality is given, which is strengthened by hearing (instead of imagining you hear) the first witch say: "When shall we three meet again," etc. This appearance of reality—in which consists the great charm of dramatic representation—continues throughout the whole play, and persons of not very strong imagination are often, during the representation, under the impression that they are witnessing an actual reality and not a theatrical exhibition. I think it is of Mrs. Siddons a story is told, to the effect that on one occasion, when rehearsing the character of Lady Macbeth, she suddenly ran up-stairs, locked herself in her room, and hid herself under the bed-clothes, in the belief that she really was Lady Macbeth, and had instigated her husband to murder King Duncan. I have no doubt that Mrs. Siddons' success, as a tragedienne, was in a great measure owing to the circumstance that she for the time really believed herself to be the person whom she represented. Under that impression her actions and expressions would be natural, instead of what is called "stagey," because for the time she had no idea that she was *acting* a part.

In the above illustration I have taken the opening and certainly not the most impressive scene in the tragedy. It sufficiently serves my purpose, however; but the want of scenic display is more and more felt in reading as the drama progresses. It may be thought by some that my illustration is scarcely a fair one, being a scene imagined by Shakespeare; but the scene is a very simple one—indeed the reader of dramatic literature is seldom called upon to imagine one more simple.

In dramatic representation the attention is more riveted to the play itself than in mere reading. We behold real flesh and blood men and women; we listen to their dialogue, and witness their actions; and

independently altogether of the charm which is imparted to brilliant thoughts, when spoken by a talented actor, we fancy for the time that we are looking upon and listening to a reality, and not a mere representation. If the drama be really a good one, the thoughts and the actions will be natural. It may be that what we see and hear is simply what may be seen and heard in real life every day; and, so long as it is pure and elevated in tone, it has a good moral effect. It increases our knowledge of life, and preaches to us lessons of morality. The reality of vice, though decked in the gaudiest colours, is exhibited to our view. It teaches us to scorn and hate vice and to love virtue for its own sake. It presents to us a picture of that which we *are*, and shows us that which we might and ought to be. Who will say that such preachings and teachings are not a source of good but of evil?

I am well aware that many theatrical representations do not have such effects. They are put upon the stage simply for the purpose of affording amusement; but healthy and pure amusements, as I have said, when taken in moderation, have ever a beneficial tendency. There are other representations scarcely so pure as those to which I have referred; but, taken as a whole, the drama in our day is very pure and refined and surely the good is not to be condemned with the bad. Our popular literature is likewise pure and lofty in its tone, but, here also, impurities will sometimes be found; yet surely no one would ever dream of condemning good and bad together.

But it is further objected to the theatre that it is a haunt of vice and profligacy, as well before as behind the scenes. It is perfectly true that the outcasts of society often go to the theatre in the hope of catching some unwary victim. But is the theatre the only public place to which they resort? Is it not the case that they frequent the public promenades, and almost every place where a crowd of people is collected? It may be possible to prevent them from obtaining admittance to the theatre, but the attempt would be attended with considerable risk of insults being committed by mistake. For my part, I would not shut the theatre doors against them. It may be that there oil may be poured upon the troubled waters—a healing balm applied to the bleeding breaking heart, and some poor unfortunate sent repentant home. Who can tell?

But behind the scenes: The theatrical profession is arduous, but it is honourable. Of the many stories which are told regarding the private life of actors and actresses, there are very few that are worthy of credit. It is a hard life they lead—few people lead a harder life. It is all very well to see them behind the footlights decked in gaudy attire; but that is all the world sees. The world knows little or nothing of their hard work, and of the cheerful spirit in which it is done. Nor does the world often hear of the many charitable actions which they perform towards each other. They form a little world of themselves, and the larger world knows of them little save evil. There are bad men and women in their little world, as in the larger one; and it is of such men and women the larger

world hears. The lying tongue of slander magnifies the evil and lessens the good ; and—such is our charity—we tell the tale again swollen into still greater dimensions. Their life is hard enough without being made unnecessarily harder, and who are we that we should presume to judge ? Let him who is as pure and good as he ought to be, cast the first stone. How comes it that actors and actresses are made the special butts of our opprobrium, our scorn, and our *lies* ? What a pitiful and contemptible spirit was that which, a few years ago, caused some people to remove, or threaten to remove, their children from a certain school, because there had been admitted the children of one of the most talented and respected actors of our time ; was it not truly pharisaical ? It would be well for some people if they would only take a lesson from those they condemn. Verily, many of our so-called “honourables” could be taught by actors that which, if ever known, they seem to have forgotten—what it is to be a gentleman ; and many proud and haughty titled ladies could well afford to receive a lesson in modesty and virtue from the actresses at whose beauty and accomplishments they so often sneer.

HARRY VOWHAMPTON.—A NOVELETTE.

BY FEATHER PENN, ESQ.

(Continued from Page 84.)

CHAPTER XII.

WEDDING BELLS—ONE, TWO, THREE.

THERE they go again!—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8—chiming in my ears through the noise of day and the silence of night! Wherever I go or turn the folks I see or meet are thinking about and planning the two happy events to come off.

Harry Vowhampton has just told his mother of the state of affairs, and away chime the merry bells—1, 2, 3—through every pause in the conversation.

"Mother," said Harry, "you will like her, won't you, for my sake?"

"Yes, my boy, and for her own. Annie Homewood is a well-bred girl and has got a pleasant face; I think she will make you a good wife and be a good daughter to me."

"You are always kind, dear mother; my happiness seems much more secure now that you sanction it."

"God bless you and her, my children! I must tell you, Harry, one reason why this match is a great pleasure to me."

"Ah, I have thought of so many myself, mother, that I can hardly think of another."

"But mine is a mother's reason," said Mrs. Vowhampton, in a serious voice: "do you know, my boy, I have lately sometimes fancied you were going wrong; that your fine acquaintances, being men of large means, were leading you into ruinous expenses, and the thought was very sad, that when I should be gone, you would not find all I can leave you enough for your way of life—and, then, poor men sometimes become bad men." She turned aside her face for a moment; there were tears on it which she did not wish her son to see.

Ah, poor mother! had you but known one quarter of the difficulties which had been closing round your only child, your sadness would have been changed to terror.

"But why," argued Vowhampton to himself, "need I hint the dangers from which I am now free;" so, taking his mother's head between his two hands, he kissed away the sacred drops and replied gaily:

"I am going to marry, you know, a good woman, and she will never let me be a bad man, mother; will she?"

"She will save you, Harry, if anything can; I hope you don't think lightly of Annie's, or any true woman's, love and influence?"

"For pet name, I mean to call her 'little mother,'" said the son, whose one undoubted virtue had been his love and veneration for his mother. He had always waited upon and thought of her with the polite attention of a lover rather than of a son.

Mrs. Vowhampton smiled at the compliment, and thought her boy as saucy as the chubby darling of infancy had been.

"But, I say, mother, you have forgotten one thing, you know. There's the *trousseau*; I wonder if you have thought about that."

"That is my affair, Harry. You look after your politics, read the *Times*, and get by heart 'The Elements of a Country's Greatness.' I am about to call on Mrs. Witherington, and we shall talk over these little matters."

And chime away, again—1, 2, 3, 4—the merry bells go, as the lady starts on her errand to Russell Square. And came also the noise of clashing bells to Vowhampton, in his book-room studying "Foreign Intelligence;" bob-majors and all the changes that can be rung on eight bells sounded between every printed line.

In a comfortable brougham, Mrs. Vowhampton, Mrs. Witherington, and Elinor, proceeded to those delightful shops, which, on common occasions, are the favourite haunts of shopping-loving women, but which, at certain auspicious times, such as had come to Elinor, excel their everyday attractions, and display to *fiancée* and friends such marvels of skilful handiwork and of art-manufactures, in lace, linen, silk, trinketry, plate, and furniture, that the wonder is ladies do not go on shopping for ever. I believe they would indefinitely, were they not reminded of a certain coming day between each purchase, by the chiming—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6—of the musical bells. There is no escape from them; there are imps in the belfries of every church they pass, pulling away at the ropes, and although the three ladies drive from shop to shop, dodge here and there to find the bonnets, shoes, and the unnameable etceteras of a *trousseau*, which like London policemen, must be looked up in out of the way places, yet down every street they go and in every shop they enter, hark, again! the chime reaches them—1, 2, 3, 4—for are they not on wedding business? And if there is any super-superlative to the superlative delight of shopping on all occasions, it must be when the time to do it is short—and the lady, out of the rival articles, has at once to decide which is better than all the rest.

It was now the end of May, and the weddings were to come off in June, on what day the cousins had yet to decide; so chimed away the bells louder and merrier and louder every day, as the two elder ladies and Elinor were whirled from emporium to establishment, having not only the pleasure of laying out ten times as much cash as on ordinary occasions, but with the new and delightful sensation of spending it against time.

At last *trousseau*, and such things as the young housekeepers required, were ordered; the greater portion had come home, had been examined and packed, and if there were any oversights to make good, the young wife might easily procure them when the honey-moonlight would be over, and earth and earthly things re-assume the sober gray of ordinary day.

Annie had not been mixed up in this turmoil of shopping: she remained at Hillechurch, and elected Elinor to choose and act for her as proxy. And this was an easy task; for if the town cousin had a box of gloves, a dress coloured like a dove's wing, or an opera cloak of embroidered india silk, glove box, dress, and cloak exactly the same were ordered for Annie. The orders were given in duplicate, and no better or simpler arrangement could have been made.

Meanwhile to keep Annie *au courant* with the doings in London, a correspondence, almost daily, was commenced, so that Elinor, beside the first pleasure of choosing the finery, shopped over again, as in graphic angular characters she described the day's purchases to her cousin. And the postman, at Hillechurch, became a better paid public servant, for this universally popular official was paid by the number of letters he carried. He had not more curiosity than country postmen have usually; at the same time he could often make correct guesses as to the contents of the epistles he had to deliver; and if, as he passed the wooden spire of Hillechurch, he fancied he heard the six bells chiming a merry peal, it was because he guessed there was a wedding to come off in which the lady of the manor-house would be one of the principal actors.

And June, the month out of all the twelve in which heroines should marry, came round—leafy, flower-adorned, perfect June, brighter than May and sweeter than the hot dusty days of July and August!—when days are at their longest, and summer is before us with its long vistas of warm sunshine lighting up green avenues; when the bridegroom may pelt the bride all day long with roses, and yet leave the hedgerows and garden bushes covered with flowers. And in June at the curious white-painted wooden church on the crest of a hill in the parish of Hillechurch, Frank Willmott was married to Elinor Homewood and, at the same time, Harry Vowhampton, M.P., to the lady and owner of the manor-house and farm, Annie Homewood.

The Vicar of Hillechurch did not shrink from the duty he was asked to perform; his feelings prompted him to secure an officiating deputy, but then the fees, such fees as would be paid him, did not often come to the little vestry of Hillechurch, and so let bygones be bygones, John Wandle would do his duty—for the sake of the fees.

Clerk, flower-strewers, and bell-ringers, of course, also came in for handsome gifts, and received money enough to buy holiday suits and dresses; and as regards the ringers, from the mad way in which they jumped and struggled at the new bell-ropes, making the steeple rock with joy (like a steeple half seas over orthodoxly elevated), one would

say that the clothes they then wore would never again be fit for decent service.

Of course the two Misses Stretton—Patty and Charlotte—were present, and the women of every household round about, to see the lady of the manor married, and as the second school festival was to take place the same day, the hospitality was on a scale of grandeur that made Hillchurch remember the days when another Homewood was Squire and brought home Annie's mother to the manor-house.

John Wandle, I am afraid, was not happier on the present occasion, than when, last year, the pic-nic party left him to look after his school children. Somehow he always was left behind, and though he said to himself "she has not £500 of her own," it was evident she had a gallant looking husband, troops of friends, and a young happy face, as she and her cousin stepped into the post travelling carriages: whilst merrier and wilder the six bells of Hillchurch danced with redoubled fury—1, 2, 3, 4—with as many changes as mad bells pulled by mad bell-ringers could make. . . . And, hurrah! see there is yet left one red cloaked old countrywoman, looking like a poppy in a sunshiny cornfield, and after the rolling carriages, with a blessing on the Homewoods, she throws the lucky shoe!

CHAPTER XIII.

THE VISITORS' LIST AT THE "OLD SHIP" HOTEL, DOVER.

FROM Hillchurch to Dover by the splendid coach road, *via* Canterbury, the distance was fifty miles, and the happy people who had left the manor-house shortly after two o'clock, arrived between six and seven at the fine "Old Ship" hotel, fronting Dover harbour. The railway, which now runs under the awful cliffs, was at that time only in progress, and the comfortable "Lord Warden" hotel, did not even then exist in the architect's portfolio. The "Old Ship" had weathered many stormy years and was the principal haven of refuge for the sea-sick travellers arriving on English ground, as it was a delightful hotel for those who paused there a few days before crossing to Calais pier. But, if the easy railway had not yet superseded the post chaise and stage coach, the steam-packet was already a Dover institution, and tender lovers who would wait for fine weather, might hope to conduct their brides across the channel without a sick qualm snatching the roses out of their cheeks.

And Willmott and Vowhampton were pausing, as other travellers paused, at the Old Ship tavern. Pleasant indeed were those few days when they took out their young happy brides for a ramble under the wild coast line beyond the town, walking or rather scrambling on the chalky path cut out of the cliffs and looking from out the little caves,

in which here and there were accommodating seats overlooking the green heaving water, across to the French shores. Next to being out of sight of land on the wide world of waters, the grandeur of ocean may be best enjoyed from such little outlooks. There the gazers sit, shut in by the pure white walls of their airy grot with the one magnificence of the sea before them; and then if the one who shares the prospect is our three days' bride, we see or fancy we see, as we turn from the wide level prospect, although our vision is bounded by a couple of yards, the same immeasurable shining expanse in the beloved one's eyes. Happy time, and pleasant music as the echoes of Hillchurch bells again come, between the murmurs of receding waves, and chime away with merry revelry, as if the feast could never be over.

At the hotel, without the confirmation of the *Dover Chronicle*, from landlord down to housemaid and waiter, every pair of ears heard, when they saw the two gentlemen and ladies, the chiming—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6—and every servant of the establishment was a slave of the young married people. The slightest incidents marked this knowledge. If an open landau was ordered to convey the party to the heights, where a walk on the high downs might be enjoyed, or for a drive to the Castle and over the pleasantest road in the kingdom towards Walmer, the horses harnessed to the carriages were certainly gray horses, which somehow have been adopted as best suited of all horses to draw "happy couples." The gentlemen, I have a notion, rather disliked those grays, their appearance was so decidedly festive, but then the happy girls seated opposite were innocently pleased with the colour of the horses; and of course, the one mission of bridegrooms upon the earth is to make their brides happy in small things as well as great. On this subject, I may observe, women wear their happiness so as to show all its outside bravery, albeit that its innermost folds are wrapped close round their hearts; whilst men, and sombre Englishmen especially, if the ladies would let them, would cover in all the joys of life under their daily black coat, that the impertinent crowd might never know the happy amongst them.

Returning from one of their drives on the fourth day after leaving Hillchurch, and whilst the preparations for crossing on the morrow were being thought over, it so happened that Mr. Willmott, after dinner, asked for the "Visitors' List" to be brought him. In doing so he had no other motive than casual curiosity to learn if any of the people whom he knew were then in Dover. Ding, dong! there was another marriage just come off. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8—a sounding peal gladdened the air.

"By Hercules and all his labours!" exclaimed Willmott, "read that, Vowhampton. Love's labour is never lost. Here our ancient friend, Oldbeau, has been taking to himself a blooming bride, and they are now in this same hotel."

Incredulous Vowhampton took the local *Chronicle* and said: "This

say that the clothes they then wore would never again be fit for decent service.

Of course the two Misses Stretton—Patty and Charlotte—were present, and the women of every household round about, to see the lady of the manor married, and as the second school festival was to take place the same day, the hospitality was on a scale of grandeur that made Hillchurch remember the days when another Homewood was Squire and brought home Annie's mother to the manor-house.

John Wandle, I am afraid, was not happier on the present occasion, than when, last year, the pic-nic party left him to look after his school children. Somehow he always was left behind, and though he said to himself "she has not £500 of her own," it was evident she had a gallant looking husband, troops of friends, and a young happy face, as she and her cousin stepped into the post travelling carriages: whilst merrier and wilder the six bells of Hillchurch danced with redoubled fury—1, 2, 3, 4—with as many changes as mad bells pulled by mad bell-ringers could make. . . . And, hurrah! see there is yet left one red cloaked old countrywoman, looking like a poppy in a sunshiny cornfield, and after the rolling carriages, with a blessing on the Homewoods, she throws the lucky shoe!

CHAPTER XIII.

THE VISITORS' LIST AT THE "OLD SHIP" HOTEL, DOVER.

FROM Hillchurch to Dover by the splendid coach road, *via* Canterbury, the distance was fifty miles, and the happy people who had left the manor-house shortly after two o'clock, arrived between six and seven at the fine "Old Ship" hotel, fronting Dover harbour. The railway, which now runs under the awful cliffs, was at that time only in progress, and the comfortable "Lord Warden" hotel, did not even then exist in the architect's portfolio. The "Old Ship" had weathered many stormy years and was the principal haven of refuge for the sea-sick travellers arriving on English ground, as it was a delightful hotel for those who paused there a few days before crossing to Calais pier. But, if the easy railway had not yet superseded the post chaise and stage coach, the steam-packet was already a Dover institution, and tender lovers who would wait for fine weather, might hope to conduct their brides across the channel without a sick qualm snatching the roses out of their cheeks.

And Willmott and Vowhampton were pausing, as other travellers paused, at the Old Ship tavern. Pleasant indeed were those few days when they took out their young happy brides for a ramble under the wild coast line beyond the town, walking or rather scrambling on the chalky path cut out of the cliffs and looking from out the little caves,

in which here and there were accommodating seats overlooking the green heaving water, across to the French shores. Next to being out of sight of land on the wide world of waters, the grandeur of ocean may be best enjoyed from such little outlooks. There the gazers sit, shut in by the pure white walls of their airy grot with the one magnificence of the sea before them ; and then if the one who shares the prospect is our three days' bride, we see or fancy we see, as we turn from the wide level prospect, although our vision is bounded by a couple of yards, the same immeasurable shining expanse in the beloved one's eyes. Happy time, and pleasant music as the echoes of Hillchurch bells again come, between the murmurs of receding waves, and chime away with merry revelry, as if the feast could never be over.

At the hotel, without the confirmation of the *Dover Chronicle*, from landlord down to housemaid and waiter, every pair of ears heard, when they saw the two gentlemen and ladies, the chiming—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6—and every servant of the establishment was a slave of the young married people. The slightest incidents marked this knowledge. If an open landau was ordered to convey the party to the heights, where a walk on the high downs might be enjoyed, or for a drive to the Castle and over the pleasantest road in the kingdom towards Walmer, the horses harnessed to the carriages were certainly gray horses, which somehow have been adopted as best suited of all horses to draw "happy couples." The gentlemen, I have a notion, rather disliked those grays, their appearance was so decidedly festive, but then the happy girls seated opposite were innocently pleased with the colour of the horses ; and of course, the one mission of bridegrooms upon the earth is to make their brides happy in small things as well as great. On this subject, I may observe, women wear their happiness so as to show all its outside bravery, albeit that its innermost folds are wrapped close round their hearts ; whilst men, and sombre Englishmen especially, if the ladies would let them, would cover in all the joys of life under their daily black coat, that the impertinent crowd might never know the happy amongst them.

Returning from one of their drives on the fourth day after leaving Hillchurch, and whilst the preparations for crossing on the morrow were being thought over, it so happened that Mr. Willmott, after dinner, asked for the "Visitors' List" to be brought him. In doing so he had no other motive than casual curiosity to learn if any of the people whom he knew were then in Dover. Ding, dong ! there was another marriage just come off. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8—a sounding peal gladdened the air.

"By Hercules and all his labours !" exclaimed Willmott, "read that, Vowhampton. Love's labour is never lost. Here our ancient friend, Oldbeau, has been taking to himself a blooming bride, and they are now in this same hotel."

Incredulous Vowhampton took the local *Chronicle* and said : "This

is too good a bit of comedy to be enjoyed alone : let us go and ask the ladies for some coffee !”

The two gentlemen then repaired to the pleasant parlour, which for the last three days had done duty as the ladies’ boudoir and dressing-room, when Vowhampton, with becoming gravity, after sipping from the cup which Annie brought to her lord, requested the company would favour him with attention, whilst he read a highly interesting account of the marriage of a mutual acquaintance.

“On the 20th inst., at the parish Church of River, the marriage of Arthur Oldbeau, Esq., of London with Madlle. Louise Sophie de Belmont, was solemnized by the Rev. Julius Ingoldsby, Rector. The marriage was strictly a private one, but the bridegroom made many liberal presents to all who assisted at the auspicious ceremony, and our rural and beautiful village was enlivened through the day until a late hour with the joyous sounds of the wedding chimes. The happy couple started to spend the honeymoon at Brighton.”

Elinor’s laugh was the loudest of any as this news was read, and all felt there was some amusing mystery in the affair which prompted their curiosity to discover. Who was Madlle. de Belmont ? was she young ? how long has Oldbeau known her ? These, and other little queries, at once came to Willmott and Elinor’s minds. Annie barely knew Mr. Oldbeau, except by name and sight, and Vowhampton knowing what he did, felt the strongest curiosity of all to clear up this last *coup de theatre* of his gallant acquaintance, and the fact of the “happy couple” having just arrived in their hotel would furnish an opportunity.

“Shall I send my card to him,” asked Vowhampton.

“No,” answered both the ladies, at once. Why should we be teased with his company—besides, who is Madlle. Belmont ?”

“He is past teasing anybody now ; but, if he has lost that faculty I have a notion he can amuse us excellently :” then, turning to Willmott, Vowhampton said : “A wager, two to one, he will not show himself.”

“Let him send and see,” replied Willmott, addressing Elinor, and so the card, with Mr. Vowhampton’s compliments, was given to the waiter to deliver.

Mr. Oldbeau, at first sight of Vowhampton’s card, had but one thought how to escape his fellow hotel guest ?

“Is any one with Mr. Vowhampton ?”

“Yes,” said the waiter, “another gentleman of the name of Willmott, with their ladies, sir.”

“Worse and worse,” mentally exclaimed the husband of Sally Flounce.

The waiter asked if there was any answer ?

“Yes, take this note.”

“Mr. Oldbeau acknowledged and begged to exchange congratulations with Mr. Vowhampton. He should be delighted to pay his respects to

the ladies, but he regretted the distance he had travelled had so fatigued Mrs. Oldbeau and himself that he could not do so that evening, and their passage was taken by the early morning packet for the continent; he must therefore defer the pleasure until he returned to England, probably in three months' time," etc. etc.

"Capital!" said Willmott, when the note had been read; "we are going by the same packet, so you, Vowhampton, can make the most of the couple of hours during which your friend cannot well escape you."

"Yes," interposed Annie, "and find out something of Mrs. Oldbeau before we see her."

A brilliant morning promised a fine calm day to cross the water, and as Willmott's party had secured a cabin and wisely abandoned their *impedimenta* to the hotel authorities, there was no necessity to walk on board the vessel until the last moment; so the quartette lingered over the breakfast table, and rested their sight on the principal feature of the landscape, the romantic castle, which would ever through life form one of the outlines of the happy visions of memory.

The pier bell was now ringing for the boat's departure; Mr. Oldbeau had smuggled himself and wife on board at an early hour, and then kept watch as each fresh passenger crossed the gangway, but now he felt easy; Vowhampton's party had not come, and would not be in the same boat with him, so he descended to the cabin just as Elinor and Annie, followed by their husbands, came out of the "Old Ship," and took their places on deck where they intended to remain, and see Dover, from every point of view—the dear old town would look well to them by land or sea-view!

Five miles from land, and in a passenger steam-boat, was a favourable position for clearing up the mystery which surrounded Oldbeau's marriage. Willmott and Vowhampton were enjoyably pacing the deck when amongst the passengers at the fore, they descried an acquaintance in the person of Tim, Oldbeau's valet, who, touching his hat, said: "Good morning, gentlemen."

"Good morning, Tim," answered Vowhampton, "I believe your master's on board; where is he?"

"Yes, sir, he is down in the cabin, and with his wife, sir;" the latter words uttered in a vicious tone.

"Ha, ha! we must look out for them when they come on deck; I should like to see the lady."

"Lady, sir! can you recommend me as valet, sir, to some gentleman? I mean to leave Mr. Oldbeau."

"But how, is that Tim, I thought you were quite a fixture; and of course, I must learn from your master why you leave."

"Yes, sir, of course, and I am sure he can't say anything against me; I leave by my own wish, sir, for I can't bear to stay any longer. I am a man, sir, as well as a valet."

"I should hope so, Tim, but how is it you don't like a married master?"

"O, for this, sir: I should prefer my master to be a married man, my place would be more comfortable, but the truth is, gentlemen, Mr. Oldbeau has married my own sweetheart."

"What!" exclaimed Vowhampton, "was Madlle. de Belmont a friend of yours? Come, Tim, Mrs. Vowhampton is on board, and I sent my card last night to Mr. Oldbeau."

"Yes, sir, I know you did, and that is why I have put myself in your way to put you on your guard. Madlle. de Belmont, indeed! Mrs. Oldbeau a fortnight ago was my fellow-servant, Sally Flounce."

Both the gentlemen had a hearty laugh; but in a moment they saw matters were growing serious, and it would be policy to let Oldbeau avoid them, as he wished to do.

"All right, Tim," said Vowhampton, "I am much obliged to you; and if you want a place, when I am back in London, come to me—you must forget the faithless Sally."

Tim shook his head solemnly. As I said before he had always reckoned upon marrying the sprightly housemaid, and he evidently thought his fate was now past all bearing, in witnessing Sally's happiness with his master. For the future he would never trust women again—they, the sex, were all alike, and unworthy of an honest valet's affections.

As soon as the two gentlemen left him, they took serious counsel together, so that in their short voyage there might be no chance of seeing Oldbeau; for if they did, as Vowhampton had sent him his card, an introduction of the ladies to the De Belmont of the *Dover Chronicle* was hardly to be avoided.

"This is what I'll do if you like, Willmott," said Vowhampton. "You shall keep close in the cabin during the passage and only leave the vessel when all the other passengers are landed: on my part, I will purposely run up against our friend and will explain being alone to the fact that I have crossed to find accommodation. If he introduces me to Sally Flounce, no matter; but I feel sure he will not—she will be sea-sick or something of that sort—and not to be pertinacious, I shall leave the boat directly she touches the pier and go to our hotel: I shall tell Oldbeau its name, so we may we may reckon, he will not come there by a second mistake as he did at Dover."

This seemed the best arrangement, and so the gentlemen joined the ladies, communicated their startling intelligence and the proposed plan, which at once received Elinor and Annie's approbation; and accordingly Vowhampton took a short farewell of his wife and proceeded to "run against" the hero of two *coups de theatre*. This he soon did, by meeting Mr. Oldbeau as he was confidently ascending the cabin stairs.

"Ah," said the elder gentleman, "we meet then, by good luck, on board."

"Confounded *contrétemps*," he thought, "how shall I get over it."

"Yes," replied Vowhampton, gaily. "How is the *cara sposa*?"

"Quite ill in the ladies' cabin. What a curse sea sickness is!"

"I was in hopes, this calm day, that every one would escape," said Vowhampton, purposely coinciding with his prudent friend. "Will you come and take a turn on deck with me and smoke a cigar at the fore?"

"At the fore," thought Oldbeau, "I wonder then where his wife is?" and so before answering, he said: "But how can you leave Mrs Vowhampton? I hope she has escaped being ill."

"Most certainly she has, thank you, and for a very good reason; I am going to find accommodation beforehand, and Mr. Willmott—you know Frank Willmott; he has married one cousin, Miss Elinor Homewood, and I the other, Annie—will follow me."

"Let me congratulate you, fortunate fellows," said Oldbeau, greatly relieved. "Like myself you got tired of living a bachelor's life. Have a cigar from my case? We will take a turn," and Oldbeau, with a briskness natural to the man, took Vowhampton's arm and both stepped out bravely together, watched by the scowling Tim.

"By the bye," asked Vowhampton, "I only know of your happy event from the county paper. Do I know anything of Mrs. Oldbeau?"

"I think not, she comes of an old French family and has never spent a season in London society. I hope she will perfect the English accent with me, whilst we are running over the continent."

"How long shall you be away?"

"O, I don't mean to keep house in London till next spring. How soon shall you return? By the bye, I forgot you are now in the House, so I suppose you will have to shorten your tour."

"Well, I intend returning to make an appearance before the House breaks up, and then we shall go to Scotland."

Thus the conversation ran, and Oldbeau thought his wife was above suspicion. The friends lit a fresh cigar, the French shore was becoming more and more visible, and Vowhampton resolved to make the most of the next quarter of an hour.

"Do you belong to Brooks'?" asked Vowhampton.

"No; I am only one at White's and Arthur's," answered Oldbeau. "Is there anything particular in Brooks' club?"

"Yes," said Vowhampton, "just now the very best story in London. I became a member only to hear it."

"Ha, ha! won't you tell it me without I pay the subscription?"

"Not upon English ground, but as we are on the water between two countries, I need not be exclusive. This is the anecdote—it goes by the name of the 'family anecdote.'"

Oldbeau grew pallid.

"Ah, the steamer did give a lurch then. Throw away your cigar," kindly interposed Vowhampton, and then continued:

"Yes, 'a family anecdote,' and the best of it is that, as yet, none of our fellows have been able to discover the names, but these are the

facts :—At some private theatricals given by the garrison at Winchester, ‘a marriage license—’”

Here Mr. Oldbeau hung his head over the side of the vessel, from a sudden attack of sea sickness that certainly was not affected, for the relater of the anecdote barely escaped the consequences of his cruelty.

“Call my valet,” groaned the suddenly old-looking gallant. “It was the cigars did this. Tim! Tim!”

Vowhampton found Tim, sent him to his master, and then resumed his walk, this time at the aft of the steamer. In a few more minutes the vessel was alongside Calais pier, and Vowhampton hurried ashore; but, as intended, watched by Mr. Oldbeau, who, as soon as he could, followed him with the lady, *née* Belmont. Certainly they did not go to the hotel Vowhampton had named, and although not the last to leave the steamer, Frank Willmott and the two ladies in his charge, had no difficulty in escaping the man, who would have gone to Spain to avoid them.

The sequel of this narrative is that the “family anecdote,” and its result became sufficiently known to Oldbeau’s friends to help them to cut his acquaintance, when at last he did return to town and kept house; and as to the other “happy couples,” I lost sight of them, as they started to the wonderful city, otherwise called Paris.

And if any reader asks how Vowhampton, once “in love and in debt,” afterwards lived, I have the pleasure to state that since his marriage, although he could never get out of the first, he never was again in anybody’s debt—excepting to the good opinion of his friends and country.

THE END.

MESSMATES.

"TEN o'clock, M. T.—Military Time," said Jack Wilkins, ushering himself into my rooms. He had come to breakfast, not uninvited certainly; but though I had asked him over-night, I really did not want him, for Jack and I don't mix well: he says that I am slow—perhaps I am—but at all events he's a deal too fast. Jack had settled himself down into a comfortable feeding position, but he suddenly started up and stood in the attitude of "attention," with a briskness which would even have satisfied MacWhuskie, the Scotch drill-serjeant of our corps.

"Noble Lieutenant, I salute you," said Jack, "and congratulate you upon your promotion: but more anon." And sitting at ease, Jack made a vigorous scoop at the shallow—too shallow—receptacle of the potted tongue.

The prevailing military ardour of our day—the patriotic fire that has run throughout the land—ascended the stairs of Pump Court, Temple, and induced Jack Wilkins, my neighbour, and myself to join the Carbinery Brigade, well-known for its blue uniform with red facings, and the black fur shako with a hole in the top, whence issue the privates' red pocket-handkerchiefs. Jack always said I joined just to show off in the uniform; however, I never said anything: but I know he did, for he went to the De Soufflet's fancy ball only a week afterwards, and sneaked out in a rough Inverness cape, thinking I should not know it; but I did. I flatter myself, however, that I could not have been so very inefficient a member, or else, after rising from corporal to full serjeant, my name would not have appeared in the *Gazette* as "Lieutenant, *vice* Pluggles, resigned."

"Anything else potted on the way," said Jack, putting the lid on the empty Crosse and Blackwell pot, and looking round the table. "Ah, I see, kidneys—not bad things for breakfast; but I say, Tom, I wish to goodness you'd have a 'devil' when I come to breakfast—you know my taste now pretty well."

I did not reply in words, but I mentally acquiesced, for I did know Jack Wilkins' taste, and always found it a very expensive one. However, he was not a bad fellow, and had thrown in my way more than one brief that he was too lazy to attempt himself. The consequence was that he did almost what he pleased with me and mine: ate and drank at my expense; kicked my dog, and otherwise wounded my feelings; borrowed my money, forgetting to repay; and ended by telling me that I was "so confoundedly slow."

"There! have these things taken away, and bring out the cigars,"

said my visitor, kicking Crinus, my Scotch terrier, out of his snug place on the hearth-rug, and sending him yelping and snarling into the next room. "I wish you'd lose that 'beastly dawg,' Tom," he continued; "he's a perfect nuisance. I verily believe that I shall come in some day and find that you've set up a tabby cat and a parrot. Ah, old fellow, it's a great blessing for you, that you have such a mentor as I at your elbow; I believe if it were not for my lessons you would subside into a regular old woman, I do indeed. Now, don't come the offended dignitary because that won't do with me; not a bit of it. Oh, by the way, old fellow, just let me have three or four sovs. I shall have some in a day or two. I want to have 'a friendly lead' to-morrow night—of course you'll come—and I can't ask Buttonhole to send in a supper without giving him something on account. Ah! Tom, you're a confoundedly lucky beast; you've always got money by you when I haven't. You haven't? Now, none of your humbug; shell out like a good 'un; you shall have it again, honour bright. I've got an invite for you for this evening that I know you'll value at two or three fives. No gammon now, I really have."

"Not at the Smythes'," I asked, rather red as touching, what Mentor termed, my gills.

"Yes, to be sure at the Smythes'; you know, Tom, I'm almost a fortune to you; you see I've thrown that girl, Clara Smythe, into your lap, and I know she'll have six or seven hundred a-year, and yet you're ready to boggle about making me an advance. Well," he continued, in answer to a query from me, "you may as well make it five, there is not a man on the face of the earth cares less for money than I do; I only wish I could get the few trifles I want without it. I could be a happy man without filthy lucre. Money rattling in my pocket? bless you, no, that's only a bunch of keys;" and my friend dropped the coins, one at a time, into the depths of his peg-tops, where every chink found an echo in my heart and seemed to whisper "gone."

As the last piece dived to the bottom, Jack continued languidly and with his head enwreathed in a cloud: "I see how it will end, Tom; you are like the rest of the world—selfish and ungrateful: I shall have to cut you, and if I do, it's *addio* to Clara S., for that scented puppy, Binks, of the Pounce department at Somerset House, he's after her full Chevy. The beggar danced with her four times the other night at Trippett's in Chester Square. Ah! you may well grind your teeth; you see you'll want me. You know, you can do as you like, but I wouldn't be done out of seven hundred a-year, and a deuced nice stylish sort of gal, by such a confounded red tapeworm as Binka. You must brush up, old boy, brush up. Now here's where you are at fault: you're too slow. Any fellow but you, instead of waiting till he was gazetted, as soon as he knew he had his commission, would have ordered a new uniform; and here to-night you could have come out strong, for it's to be a stylish set out, 'officers and volunteers

requested to appear in uniform ;' but here you are all behind, for, of course, it's too late now."

Now, perhaps with pardonable pride—who knows?—I had been trying on, and walking up and down the room, the previous night, in the very new uniform about which my friend Jack was growling, but had kept it rigidly out of sight on account of the premature nature of my proceedings; however, to show that I was not quite so black as I had been painted, I introduced the silver garnished regimentals to my friend's gaze, and was politely told that I was a bigger fool than he took me for, and seemed as pleased with my step as a boy newly breeched.

Punctually at seven o'clock that evening, Jack Wilkins and the recorder, stepped out of a cab at the door of Alderman Smythe, and in a few minutes we made a triumphal entry into the drawing-room, already well-filled, and fitted up as was also every available space, "up-stairs, down-stairs, and in my lady's chamber," with stalls presided over by hours ready to sell anything at most moderate prices; the funds to be devoted to some highly laudable purpose. Sales were rapidly being effected, and I could see my charmer presiding over one of the most amply supplied stalls, or rather tables; from which she was handing over different articles into the midst of a merry, laughter-pealing group, where something novel was evidently going on. We sauntered up, and I had only just exchanged a bow and a smile with Clara, when I seemed seized with an attack of determination of blood to the head. I know I looked furious, for Clara blushed, and I could see that Jack was grinning and enjoying it; for in the midst of a group of people, and sitting upon a music-stool so as to spin his lavender-watered body round to all points of the compass, was the beast Binks, selling the contents of Clara's stall by auction, without reserve, as he called it, making ten shillings a-piece of pen-wipers, and as much of bead-worked quills. Everybody laughed and seemed to enjoy it; so of course I smiled too, or, as Jack whispered, "grinned a ghastly grin."

"Out sabra, and off with his head," said Jack; "but wait a bit, he's spun himself round there at a pretty rate, let's try and roast him till the place gets too hot to hold him."

I don't know how he managed it; but, by means of chaffing and jesting, Jack spoiled the trade of Octavius Binks, and he soon had to play second fiddle to Jack's lead.

I got better by degrees; I had squeezed Clara's hand twice over making a purchase; and, in paying her some compliment, had been told not to be a goose, which must be as great a compliment to a man as calling a woman a duck. Altogether I felt that, after all, Binks was only Binks, and that he had done very well till I came, when his star had passed the zenith to descend in shadow.

The party was a very sociable and merry one; the piano was kept going and the hat was often sent round for contributions. Jack sang

three comic songs, and wouldn't finish the last verses until a certain amount of cash had been collected, when, as he said, "up went the donkey." Forfeits were played at, and the forfeits paid were very heavy. At last supper was announced, and at the same time Mrs. Alderman informed the company that there was no admittance to the supper-room except by five-shilling tickets, to obtain which there was a regular squeeze; during which, although Binks kept hovering about, I managed to have hold of Clara's hand for a full minute, and then took her down to the supper-room. What did I care for all the Binkses in England? I could have said so when we were all making speeches, and Jack had coupled my name with the toast of "the ladies," and I responded; but I said nothing of the kind, for I had had plenty of champagne—but real pleasure—and had been complimented by Jack in a half whisper upon my increase of speed, being dubbed "not so slow as usual." I was very glad to sit down again, being unused to public speaking; and shortly after a move was made for the drawing-room, where some fresh money-drawing arrangement was to finish the evening. I only wanted one thing to complete my happiness, and that was the absence of Binks. Everything had prospered; I had heard enough from Clara's lips to make me happy, I had drunk enough wine to make me feel king-like; and my sword had not once got between my legs; but, as if to mar my happiness, Binks would hover spitefully about us, for the beast had had enough wine to make him red-faced and rude.

The crowd was rather large in the narrow passage, and the staircase was almost blocked, when suddenly the gas-jet was extinguished (I believe by friend Jack so as to seize the opportunity of kissing Clara's sister, for they were just behind us); I dared not proceed to such extremities, but I thrilled to the very roots of my hair as a soft hand glided into mine, and a prolonged pressure sent ecstatic throbbings through my heart. I could have wished that the darkness might last for ever, in spite of the half-suppressed screams and titterings around; but the light came and I was aroused to my senses by a roar of laughter from Jack and Annie Smythe. Clara stood two yards in advance, and Binks and I were face to face, hand clasped in hand; cynosure of neighbouring eyes, and—but enough. I saw Clara cramming her pocket-handkerchief into her mouth as she ran up-stairs; Binks fleeing by the front door; Jack seated on the mat, holding his sides and laughing, aided and abetted by the wicked eyes of Annie, each bearing a flame in its brightness; and then I girded up my loins and, like my late enemy, fled, nor rested till I took refuge in the Temple.

POSITIVISM AND POETRY IN THEIR RELATION TO NATURE.

BY S. F. WILLIAMS,
AUTHOR OF "CRITICAL ESSAYS," ETC.

IMAGINATION is the essential element of the poetic genius ; the understanding is the primary constituent of the scientific intellect : the former affects, and appeals to, the emotional nature of man ; the latter to his reason and judgment. Both of these powers are related to each other, and do often interact ; for, on the one hand, the works of imagination—poetry, sculpture, painting—must have for their basis truth as real as the facts of science, to which are superadded the truth of beauty and harmony ; and, on the other hand, the literal dry facts of science, to be attractive and to powerfully engage popular attention, must be arrayed in the purple and gold of imagination, as in the works of Brewster, Nichol, and Arnott.

See how this interaction and reciprocal influence of the scientific faculty and the fancy, is occasioned by the study of the material heavens ; how he who looks on the vast map of the sky, to divide orb from orb, to mark their position and their distance from each other, is inspired with ideas of sublimity and of power ; how he who would occupy himself with the merely mechanical part of the science, as with the examination of an apparatus moving on so many intricately interplaced and revolving wheels, is instantly ennobled by the contemplation of the starry kingdom ; how, when we investigate the problems suggested by those worlds, we are entranced by their beauty, raised by the sublime emotions they awaken, and awed by the thought of Omnipotence ; how, when we endeavour to see into the interior of those golden planets, we are profoundly joyed by the glory which the telescope reveals. Here the scientific spirit is sublimated by the imagination ; the facts discovered by the one are here adorned and interwoven with the fine visions of the other. The mathematician and the poet join in brotherhood under the influence of the sublime spectacle of the night. We cannot *coldly* calculate the distance of the stars : to watch them gleaming in the fruitful holy silence of some autumn evening, is to be filled with a sense of grandeur and of infinitude—to be enwrapped in the ecstasy of a dream. Who can measure the magnitude of that globe, and his imagination not walk its plains and mountains ? Who can look on the far-reaching horizon, crimsoned with sunset, or on the "heavens in their silver robe of stars," and not feel the illimitableness of the elevating scene ? What lover of science could watch the varied phenomena of the dawn and eve, and remain cold and impassive ? Is there no inspiration in the

sight of those hosts in their beauteous array? Can we think of nothing but mechanical forces and fixed laws in the presence of these ministers to the sublime? Are they not objects of pleasure to the affections, and do they not speak in a celestial language? Do they not work upon the human soul, and "in their motions like the angels sing?"

Such questions as these (and they could be appositely repeated to an indefinite length in relation to every science) does the material world itself suggest, when we contemplate it in connexion with the principles of Positivism. Is all Nature a mere dull leaden fact, or a lifeless object, useful only to the senses? Is our idea of nature composed only of the ideas of space, number, form, size, density, and motion? When we say that a flower is blue or white, and has so many leaves; that the stars are of such magnitude and circumference; that light is a substance which enables us to perceive the objects of creation, and moves with amazing velocity, at a specific calculable rate; that plants are of such a size, structure, nutritious quality, and bear so many kind of fruits; that music is harmonious according to fixed laws and the observance of certain formulas; that those immense masses of rock are of such antiquity, and are uniformly arranged according to a law of Nature; that the fossil remains were once living animals and plants, and when they died, became, by an established unvarying process, inwrapped in the rocks; that the muscles, bones, and nerves of the human system move, operate, and decay upon an unalterable regulation: when we have repeated these naked facts, have we expressed the highest thoughts which are associated with astronomy and geology, with the infinitely varied vegetable kingdom, the celestial bodies, and the wondrously complex mechanism of the human frame? When we have observed the merely material aspects of the world, and noted the manifestation of those acts of the mind which exhibit themselves in visible, external shapes, have we exhausted the entire history of the effect which Nature and man's deeds have upon us? When we have catalogued the events of history, have we entered into the secret chambers of the soul, fathomed the depth of motive, and learned the grandest lessons of human life? When we have subjugated and utilised Nature by the power of chemistry and mechanics, have we received her richest wealth? When we have brought the pathless deep and barren mountains, the forests with their wild growth, the unfruitful soil, and the vast prairie lands, under the control and might of science, have we solved the secrets of creation, seen into her beauty, penetrated to her inmost heart, and learned the truest, noblest relation she sustains to man?

To these inquiries Positivism answers, in a coldly calm spirit, *Yes*. It reduces Nature to a museum of well-arranged and law-regulated materials, and God's earth is but a collection of trees, flowers, hills, and stars, which do *not* remind us of the Divine Eye. Everywhere there is law, and unvarying succession, and progress from the simple to the complex, says Positivism; but it denies the existence of any power higher and grander than that of law. It looks only through

the eye of logic—a sharp, clear eye, but fireless, loveless. It hears no harmony in the tuneful voices of the birds; no wild weird music in the tempest and thunder of the seas. It would limit the flight of the lark, and set its happy melodies to scientific rules. It asserts that a ploughed field is a nobler benefit than the inspiration of sunrise, or than the rays of beauty that gleam over the world. It uses flowers and fruits as useful commodities, but it sternly refuses to be delighted with their rich hues. It veils the heavens with a canvas of arithmetical figures and mathematical calculations. It clearly explains the laws of the relation and revolution of the planets; but no magnificent landscapes can charm its disciple into a dream of the celestial future. It condemns the ministrations of Nature to the imagination, because that priceless service is like a divine influence—its value cannot be attested by the senses. It cannot so forget the earthliness of our nature as to be enchanted with the splendour of the horizon in the summer evening. It teaches that man's highest work with Nature is to classify her phenomena; that her best education is, not to ennoble us by sweet influences, not to call into action our noblest faculties, not to awaken our powers of wonder and worship, but to instruct our understanding. It pronounces the lessons of the sunset clouds, the music of the south-wind, the beauty of forest leaves, and the gleams of moonlight, to be poor and petty compared with the utilities of a garden. In the field of waving corn, it thinks not of divine and unceasing Beneficence, of miraculous productive Power, and of Love. It never adores. It is a stranger to those holiest feelings which exalt humanity. It denies that the earth is full of the glory of the Lord; but says that the earth may and will declare the skill of man, and the omnipotence of science.

Such is the Positivist's estimate of Nature. The only gifts he accepts from her are food and raiment for the body. The severe simplicity of the stars moves him not; the majestic beauties of the night are speechless, meaningless; and the lordliest spectacle of the day is mean beside his path of well-tilled ground. The value of Nature to man consists solely in its complete subordination to material uses, in its realizability by the senses: that is the low *criteria* by which Positivism prizes the external world, with its ever new suggestions of God, its sublime morals, its harping winds, its ineffable loveliness, and its rich lofty melodies. To make fruitful the rugged soil, to bridle the turbulent ocean, is the truest conquest over Nature. To enter a chaotic wilderness, and cultivate it by mechanical skill is to do for mankind a service so splendid that the raising of our aspirations, the enlarging of our sympathies, the enriching of our spiritual pleasures, and the development of our higher faculties by the impressions received from every object we meet, dwindle into trifles compared with that deed. The plough that turned up the daisy which Burns has planted in the centre of a group of flowers, gathered from his imagination, has done more for Scotland and the world than all his poetry. The former has contributed to the supply of our animal wants, and is a symbol of civilization; the latter has blessed us with a

splendid education: we must reject this magnificent wealth, the influence of which will extend to eternity, for that gift which satisfies our common necessities, which is but a temporary benefit, and which we shall not require when the soul shall have put off the raiment of the body. Those which are tangible and visible are the best bestowments; and the earth with its enchantments is here, not to fill our souls with poetry and fine pictures, not to delight us with music and scenes of beauty, not to wrap us in the bosom of its landscapes, not to fold us in the soft drapery of summer clouds, not to charm us with the sorcery of winged songsters, but to be developed by mechanical genius, to be ploughed, and dug, and sown. The world is a mere body whose resources are to be brought out and employed under the supervision of scientific skill, whose powers are to be trained to superb perfection according to the requirements of certain laws; but no living spirit is to animate this body, to sympathize and hold communion with our spirit, to smile from the countenance and dwell behind the framework of things. Nature is only a great physical convenience; we must view it only as an immense mass of facts which have to be divided, arranged, and each fact referred to its particular class. Therefore, the duty of man in relation to the objects around him, is to learn the order in which they are placed, to observe the sequences of things, and to bring everything under his own control and the dominion of natural laws. For what is that language which Nature speaks, and that wild joyous trill of birds? These gross ears, so accustomed to listen to the reading of an inventory of facts, cannot hear them: therefore, they are fairy-like pictures of a dream. What is the beauty of the fields, of the night and morning, of the sun-robed sky, which dazzle the poetic eye with pomp, or fill it with loveliness as of heaven? These hands of clay cannot grasp it; these earthward looking eyes, that gaze so steadily, that view so clearly, that seem so quick at observation, and so piercing, cannot see it: therefore is it an illusion of the fancy, and unworthy of our searching for. What are those ideas which nature presents as pictures of the mind, as images of the emotions, as objective revelations of our inner self? This hard nature and logical understanding cannot enter into the warmth and sympathy which are fused into them, cannot lower them down to the rigour of examination, and the severity of icy analysis: therefore are they empty visions, brilliant indeed, but unreal, of the imagination. What is that subtle, sweet, and magically powerful influence which Nature, from all her works, silently exerts upon the human being? We cannot gauge it; it is far above the region of the physical; we cannot sketch its circuit and extent, and inner secret charm, in a diagram: therefore is it a pleasant, but vain, feeling which vanishes away. What is that world of thought, of deep feeling, of moral sensibility, where, it is said, poets and dreamers revel in—where harmony always delights—where gorgeous pageants, clothed in the golden garments and jewels of the fancy, pass to and fro before the mind's eye in eternal procession—where the soul is radiant with "the light that never was in sea or shore"—where there

arise those "thoughts that wander through eternity?" These senses cannot realize it, cannot see it, feel it; its movements are purely immaterial; its existence is imperceptible to physical organs: therefore it is not—it is the figment of a heated brain. That only is real which is palpable to the understanding as a fact: all else—the ideas which natural objects suggest, their moral virtues, their appeals to the higher reason and the feelings, and their humanizing, ennobling influence—is chimerical.

Such is the view which Positivism takes of Nature and her relation to man—a view which is essentially utilitarian and materialistic.

This low estimate confines the services of Nature to man's material comforts and the needs of common life; and he who looks to her for other and higher aids—to be softened by her sympathy, to be gladdened by responses to his inner moods—is told that his hopes are delusive, his aspirations vain, and that the highest of Nature's kindnesses are the presents which science makes in gross forms. But, cultivate Nature to magnificent perfection, subjugate her wild elements to laws and human will, apply these laws to the advantages of ordinary life, limit the search for truth to the sphere of physical phenomena, believe only that which can be evidenced by the senses; and what is the kind of knowledge thus acquired? Of what character is the affinity thus created between the outer world and the spirit of man? The knowledge is but superficial; for it does not inquire into the meaning of, nor reach beyond, "the things that are seen:" the sea will not yield her costly treasures to him who skims the surface of the waves. The affinity is cold and external; it is effected by the operation of laws, not by sympathy and attraction. It is a mere formal shaking of hands. The depths of the soul are unreachd; the profound significance of Nature is unlearned. Her moral purposes are not discerned; and the grand fact that God is moving everywhere, that all her aspects are illustrations of His will, is unrecognized. Man, the animal, is elevated above man the spiritual; and the symmetry of matter—the perfect arrangement of all the parts and phenomena of Nature into the unity of a whole—is made the basis of the exaltation of the soul.

Viewed in this light, look at Nature only through the scientific faculty, and what deep enjoyment we are robbed of! Observe her only through the understanding, and how limited is the import of things! Feel not that she is a revelation of God, and how dim are those stars! What heavy misery are all our yearnings for communion with her! See not that there are mirrored Divine Goodness, Power, and Wisdom, that we are led up to Deity, and how cheerless are the looks of Nature! There, where we expected to hear sweet music, in the Sabbath-like quiet of the valleys, we are burdened with an impression of dulness. We looked to find a soul in Nature, a living something which should unite her to ourselves, should fill us with bounding joy and unmixed delight; but how fruitless is the search! The thought that sympathy flows in upon us from the external world is a phantasy. We imagined that

the creation spoke of God ; but Positivism corrects us, and tell us that that theological notion is a baby-conception—it is only entertained by man in the infancy of his mental development, and then gives place to more reliable ideas in an advanced state of education. We gazed at the horizon, and watched the gleaming of the stars ; but the light of heaven grew faint, a mournful pall spread over the sky, and saddening requiems were sung over the fallen hopes of him who ineffectually “had sought the Lord in His wondrous works ;” for the Positive Philosophy could not acknowledge the existence of Him who “tellet the number of the stars and calleth them all by their names,” because He has not directly revealed Himself to the senses—no man hath seen Him. All that is not tangible, all that is purely immaterial and unembodied in determinable shapes, is unreal ; and thus, guided by this fundamental axiom of Positivism, what loveliness is there in graceful forms ? what enticement in the woods ? what music in the murmurings of streams ? where are “the realms of faëry land ?” and, above all, where is the Invisible, Eternal One ? Everywhere, says the king-poet—in heaven, in hell, in the uttermost parts of the sea, in darkness and in light ; but to this profound question Positivism returns a fearful answer—the end of it is an awful blank, for its primary essential proposition is a direct negation of God.

Very different, however, to that of Positivism, far deeper, nobler, and more real is the relation of Poetry to Nature. Where the one sees only symmetrical forms, the other reads the truth, and is delighted with the beauty of harmony. Where one announces that light is refrangible, the other is charmed by its brilliancy. Where one perceives only a lifeless aggregation of matter to be arranged, the other is susceptible of countless fascinations. The one knows nothing of the subtle offices of Nature ; upon the other her highest purpose has dawned. She is radiant with life ; and Poetry looks upon her varied aspects as images of the emotions of the soul. To the Positivist she educes no idea ; to the Poet she is rich with suggestion and priceless wealth of thought. On the one hand, profitable productions and advantages to commerce are esteemed incomparable gifts ; on the other, the holy joy of fields, the ecstasy of aerial singer's melodies, the incitement to heroic life, the expansion of our sympathy, the reception of sweet, softening influences, the stirring and intensifying of imagination. Positivism seeks to perfect whatever relates to man by instructing and exercising his understanding alone ; Poetry concerns itself with his higher and incorporeal nature. Positivism regards the external world from a physical point of view ; Poetry in a moral sense. The one proposes to accomplish the sublime work of human regeneration by operating from without ; the other exalts the soul, enriches our enjoyment of Nature, enchants us with lovely pictures, and radiates life with many charms. Poetry teaches us that every scene of Nature is symbolical ; that every storm and blade of grass and leaf of tree are full of meaning ; that the life within, our feelings, emotions, and thoughts are represented by the

objects of the external world in visualized portraiture. It hears monitions coming from the morn and night. It breathes generous emotions into us. It endows the woods and mountains with vitality. The mind clothes Nature with its own moods and feels that she adds to our joy or sorrow. It raises the affections towards all that is lofty; it unites Nature and man in sympathy; it feeds the eye with sights of beauty; it fills the universe with objects of love, and it has a deep insight into the analogy between the material and spiritual worlds.

" And so the poet's soul converts,
The common things that round him lie
Into a gentle voice of song,
Divinest harmony.

Sweet harp and poet framed alike
By God as His interpreters,
To breathe aloud the silent thoughts
Of everything that stirs."

Abundant illustration of these remarks—of the idea of a voice, a living soul, a spiritual essence in Nature—is furnished by our English poetry; but there is one singer of modern times who has made this profound philosophy of Nature his especial subject, and whose creations unitedly are fine expressions of the effects produced by the influence of natural objects on the mind, and of the feeling of a mysterious oneness between natural things and mental emotions. Of course, I refer to Wordsworth.* Notwithstanding his manifold sins against art, his tendency to diffuseness and tedious descriptions, and his absolute want of that lyrical passion which crowns its possessor a sovereign over the general heart, he reproduces Nature in her every appearance; he shows what high delight she imparts to him who loves her; he sees that there are written all around him grand lessons, which are to form part of our moral education, to purify our affections, and to hallow our whole life. If he is too intellectual to be popular, to be read by the multitude, who think that amusement and pleasure are the chief ends of poetry; he, nevertheless, sublimates the passions of the human heart, and inculcates grand moral truths, the adoption of which would elevate humanity. If there is observable in some parts of "The Excursion," a vein of affectation, what can be more natural, what more poetical, what more earnestly simple, than many of his minor poems? If some of his earliest efforts are silly, what can be more finely imaginative than his "Ode to Immortality?" what more sustained in thought and gorgeous in metaphor, than the "Lines written above Tintern Abbey?" Admit that there is evidence of the charge of mistaking the vulgar for the homely

* Were it not for a long cherished purpose, on the part of the present writer, to aid in widening the study of Wordsworth, he would hesitate again to cite Wordsworth in this connexion, lest the repetition should become tiresome; but sufficient reasons for this iteration are found in Wordsworth's fidelity and ardent devotion to Nature—in the fact that he has endeared us to the external world by associating its simplest as well as its sublimest objects with our feelings and thoughts—and that he has thrown around these objects the charm of moral truth.

and universally true; but do we forget the chasteness, the nobleness, and Miltonic tone of the sonnets? Righteously acknowledge that there are instances of incorrect taste which justify the accusation, ought they to set aside, or to qualify, the verdict which states that a high moral purity is a distinctive quality of his poetry? But, whatever the defects of Wordsworth, whatever the raiment in which he robes his spirit, whether in the richly-coloured garment of "The Excursion," or in the simple garb of "Lucy," and "We are Seven," or in the lovely summer dress of "Louisa," there is always in his poems the warm love of virtue; and, underneath the vesture of words, a heart of holy feeling, of Christian benevolence, of delightful sweet purity. Commingled with his feelings, blended with his every thought, is the spirituality of Nature. This intense sensibility to the delicate impressions of Nature on the mind—this affectionate surrender of himself to the power which Nature exerts over man, are profusely manifested in his compositions. He dignifies what seems common by placing it in the light of relationship to some attractive object. No matter what the thought, it is tinged with the colour of the rainbow, or of the sun, or of flowers. His imagery, without reference to its application, is decked with the verdure of fields. Around the every-day incident is thrown the fascination of the morning. He views life in all its phases, in connexion with the subtle unity between it and man. When he thinks of humanity, it is in its relation to external Nature; and his love of mankind is less definable and impressive than his love of beauty. The thought of man is subordinate to the thought of Nature. His sympathy with our outer picturesque associations is more deep and strong than his sympathy with man. A striking proof of the justness of these remarks is the fine poem of "The Cumberland Beggar," where Wordsworth invokes blessings on the old man, not that they may profit him, but that they may minister to the Poet's own serene delight in contemplating Nature; and where, forgetting that the beggar cannot hear, he desires in the luxury of his admiration for surrounding objects, that the "aged mendicant" should

"Have around him, whether heard or not,
The pleasant melody of woodland birds."

His passionate love of Nature, and more, the relation of the Poet to Nature, may be aptly described in Wordsworth's words:—

"His present mind
Was under fascination; he beheld
A vision, and adored the thing he saw.
Arabian fiction never filled the world
With half the wonders that was wrought for him.
Earth breathed in one great presence of the spring;
Life turned the meanest of her implements
Before his eye, to price above all gold

• • •
Pathways, walks,
Swarmed with enchantment."

BROEK AS IT IS.*

BY A FEMALE PHOTOGRAPHER.

THE Dutch are in many respects a most praiseworthy people. Their industry, order, cleanliness, and perseverance, are truly admirable. They have, as it were, created a country out of a swamp, and maintain it by unheard of feats of incessant labour, and in as constant danger from inundations, as tropical countries are from earthquakes. But the gods have not made them poetical—and why it has pleased Alexandre Dumas to retail so many fibs about the little village of Broek, would puzzle a conjuror to divine, unless he acted on the principle of the man who was bent on extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers. Broek was inhabited by princely merchants and millionaires; and once upon a time, but that time was long ago, there was a rich burgomaster in the first Napoleon's day, who, to conceal the state of his coffers from imperial rapacity, pleaded poverty, and affected to say in reply to the conqueror's importunate question as to the dowers he would give his seven daughters, that they would barely have one hundred thousand francs a-piece, though it would have been nearer the mark had he said one hundred thousand pounds sterling. But seeing that Alexandre Dumas' visit dates only a few years back, perhaps nine or ten, he would have been cleverer than even he undoubtedly is, could he have found any inhabitant at that time, in a condition to endow even one daughter with a quarter of that sum. However, as travellers' tales generally get accepted for truth, and as some of the glitter and tinsel attached to fabled descriptions will remain on one's mind, like the particles of gold dust that adhered to Ali Baba's sieve, I for one believed in a small portion of the wonders, and was accordingly very anxious to visit Broek during my short stay at Amsterdam.

To do the Dutch justice, they are a most practical people, and accordingly on my mentioning this wish, and inquiring into the truth of the wonders that were current about Broek, one smiled and told me it was not worth while to take the trouble to go—another that it had quite fallen off—while a gentleman at the *table d'hôte* suggested that it would be far more interesting to visit Saardem, where, added he as an irresistible argument, I should see three hundred windmills, a sight not every day to be seen! True—but I never admired windmills (except of course Rembrandt's mill and that for truthfulness only), and to Broek I would go.

A steamer takes you across the water, and transfers you to a boat which lands you at Buiksloot, a small village, from whence you may journey to Broek by land or by water. Disdaining the tedious *trekschuit*,

* From an unpublished work entitled: "Bird's Eye View of Holland."

a kind of boat that conveys travellers on the watery highways of Holland, and which takes three hours to reach the promised Eden we were in search of—three hours of an atmosphere of pipes, mind you, if the rain drives you into the cabin—off we set on foot, thinking to enjoy the sight of the gardens, that probably lined the way to the little paradisiacal village, though it must be confessed with sundry misgivings by this time; a worthy Dutchman, a native of Broek, journeying by the same steamer, having charitably warned us that we were taking needless trouble to go so far, especially on so unpromising a morning. However, fate willed it, as it seems, since we were not to be deterred by this sensible advice from one who might have been excused for harbouring a partiality in favour of his native village.

I should observe as a general rule, that curious and interesting as are many of the Dutch cities, the country is the very reverse of either. Owing to the absence of all undulation, the land, though propitious to the construction of railways, is anything but picturesque. Flat districts may be pretty—witness the lovely spots that are to be seen in Essex, or the rich plains of Lombardy, but then it must be on the condition of their not being overrun with water. Paul Potter, Cuyp, and Ruysdael delight us with their luxuriant pastures, and their cattle, and their smooth streams, because on a small scale you fancy the spot represented to be an isolated bit of scenery; but only think of miles and miles of Paul Potter as you glide along the rails, when travelling through Holland—vast steppes of grass intersected by canals, fringed by a few trees standing like a row of mops, enlivened here and there by a windmill, cattle lazily grazing, the whole bearing the aspect of a vast swamp through which one could not venture to walk with any galoches, short of Hans Andersen's—and you will easily realize the dull monotony of such a landscape, on which you gladly finish by closing your eyes, and courting slumber as a welcome relief. Well! all this monotony is, if possible, more monotonous still on the road to Broek, where the pathway lies between two canals, with the usual dreary steppes extending beyond, and with less of animal nature to give life to the desolate scene. This continues with uninterrupted sameness until, after four and a half miles' hard walking (beneath a leaden tinted sky as it then happened to be), we at length came within sight of the wished for goal.

Very few houses are to be seen on the way, and at the doors of one or two of those, I observed a whole congregation of shoes waiting for their owners, gone inside, which gave me so vivid a realization of the *beau idéal* of Dutch cleanliness, that it seemed to confirm me in my few remaining illusions about Broek—for if these houses, evidently of an inferior grade, were tenanted by housekeepers of such refined habits, might not Alexandre Dumas' tales about the spotless interiors of Broek, have, after all, a local habitation and a name? However, we had now arrived and had only to look about us.

Broek, in the aggregate, gives you the idea, on a giant scale of course

of those Nuremberg toys, representing a whole town, which are packed up in boxes to be sent all over the world, to delight incipient architects four or five years old ; only, in this case, the toy-houses have been set up in trim order by some very careful little boy, and a due distribution made of trees, water, and bridges. The houses are all low, and painted, some green, others white. The gardens are laid out something after the pattern of a Chinese screen, or of the willow pattern dinner-service, a kiosk, a bridge, and a little thread of water, being the infallible ingredients to make up these little Dutch Edens. It was said, drolly enough, by I forget what traveller, that the Dutch were the Chinese of Europe, but this only applies to a certain trimness and puerile style of ornament in their gardens and summer dwellings and a love of porcelain nick-knacks. In one garden I observed a painted wooden statue of a Spaniard looking amorously at a young wooden damsel placed opposite him ; in another garden a water nymph, painted in staring colours, was evidently the grand attraction of the pond, though in most execrable taste. Where are the tessellated pavements of coloured pebbles, which Alexandre (the "great," no doubt, in his own estimation) raves about as though it were a tangible fact ? Echo answers "Where ?" I only saw pebble walks, neat certainly, but of no artistic beauty. However, let that pass.

The weather, which had been threatening all the morning, being now more lowering than ever, we gladly entered beneath the verandah of what appeared to be a little coffee-house. The good woman came forward to greet us. It was Sunday, and she was dressed evidently in her best, having a number of gold (or rather brass) ornaments in her cap. Not being acquainted with the Dutch language, I addressed her first in French, then in German, neither of which she spoke ; her language being, indeed, as I was since informed, only a kind of Dutch *patois* ; but I succeeded in making her understand that my husband would like a glass of Bavarian beer, and that I should gladly take a cup of coffee. These were accordingly brought us, and I endeavoured to converse a little with our hostess, as far as our limited means of communication would allow ; and by dint of goodwill on both sides, we got on vastly well. She understood the drift of my German, and I picked out a part of her Dutch *patois*.

Presently she volunteered to show us her garden, and led us behind the house, to a well cultivated little enclosure, where trees and flowers were tended with Dutch care, and would have presented a prettier appearance had they not been disfigured by sundry kickshaws, of which our hostess seemed prouder than of the productions of dame Nature. She then drew our attention to a kind of Mosaic work of pebbles, representing, as she told us, the sun, the moon, and the stars ; and though the representation was not particularly striking, we, of course, smiled our approbation of that of which she evidently considered a work of no common merit. She next busied herself in searching among the platbands for a specimen of four-leaved trefoil, which it would seem is more plentiful here than in other countries, as she soon presented us this symbol of good

luck, which we received with due gratitude, and which my husband was about to consign to his pocket-book, when the good woman gave us to understand she would herself wrap it in a paper. After adding to the trefoil several sprigs from different trees, she proposed that we should walk indoors. As nothing could have delighted me more than to see a Dutch interior—and at Broek, too!—I joyfully assented, and she accordingly ushered us in.

I began by saying that Broek resembles a collection of Nuremberg toys, and what I observed of the outside, might be still more aptly applied to the inside of these doll-like houses. Now, imagine a kitchen, where every utensil is so bright that you might have gazed at your own image with satisfaction, were it not that one is always so horribly distorted in such mirrors—a toy kitchen, in short, of the most dainty aspect, where no cook could ever have done any dirty work, and only fit for some princess, in a fairy tale, to take refuge in, when flying from the persecutions of the stereotyped hateful suitor, or wicked necromancer, and find everything roasted to a turn all ready to be served up, without any visible agency. That saucepan never had a fire kindled under it! no! the real kitchen work must be performed elsewhere, and this pretty toy kitchen bears the same proportion to the real work-a-day kitchen, that the *dame de ses pensées*, of the mediæval knight, did to his *maîtresse de nature*, as the less ethereally beloved one was bluntly styled. After admiring and praising this model kitchen, we were shown into a sitting-room equally toy-like in appearance. It contained several tables loaded with china ornaments and other nick-knacks. A neat Indian matting and bamboo chairs gave a Chinese aspect to the room. It was very pretty; but here, too, you felt that nobody ever sat or really spent a portion of their existence. In the little bed-room adjoining, there stood a chiffonier, or rather wardrobe, in marquetry, which the curious in old furniture would by no means disdain; and, of course, the bed was of snowy cleanliness and inviting aspect, and quite fit to receive our fairy tale princess, and to cradle her in pleasant dreams.

By this time, the goodwife had placed the trefoil and the sprigs in a piece of paper, on which she had inscribed their names and qualities, endorsed by her signature, and formally presented us the packet, saying, as far as I could make out, that whether we were bound for Italy, France, or America, this lucky trefoil would remind us of Broek; in exchange for which my husband, of course, slipped a token of our gratitude into her hand. We then all became very cordial; we shook hands, each wishing pleasant things to the other in different languages; and she presented us her little daughter, or perhaps granddaughter, whom her husband had just brought in and who looked like a wax doll in her Sunday clothes, but gave her tiny hand very prettily. And then the husband shook hands with us, and amidst a cross fire of hearty greetings we separated; after a stroll round the rest of the village, we resumed our dreary walk to join the steamer that was to take us back to Amsterdam.

WOMEN OF MERIT CONNECTED WITH CRIMINAL TRIALS.

ALICE LISLE.

BY SERJEANT BURKE.

AFTER showing, in the two last trials, what harshness and cruelty were dealt out by their opponents to the Cavaliers and Jacobites of the Civil war and the "rising" of 1715, I think it but fair to give a case, which demonstrates how little mercy was to be expected from the other side, when the Cavaliers and Jacobites were themselves in power. It was indeed a peculiarly cruel era, that period of transition which lay between the softening influences of the ages of chivalry, and the still gentler feelings that characterize the times of modern civilization. Serjeant Woolrych, in his very able "Memoirs of Judge Jeffreys," which I shall have to refer to more than once, in the course of this narrative, makes the following apt remarks on the brutal epoch of that bad judge's career:

"Kindness to the human race was scarcely better understood in those times, even by persons of reputation, than mercy to dumb animals in these (1827), till the rise of Martin. Forbearance was then esteemed a crime, as rigorous justice would be at this day. And, truly, it is to be hoped that posterity will kindly invent some excuse for us, when those who succeed us shall blot out our capital punishments from the statute-book, and wonder, as we now do, at the harshness of those who have gone past."

The learned Serjeant wrote this in 1827: how much even since that date has humanity gained in the amelioration of our criminal code, and in other public recognitions of that great obligation of mercy, which every Christian owes to his fellow man. But to come to our present subject matter, which is the trial of Alice Lisle, and a more cruel and unjust case than it has not happened in the whole annals of our penal jurisprudence. It occurred in the reign of James II. before the but too notorious judge, Lord Jeffreys. Partisan historians and writers may palliate the affair as they will, it nevertheless stands on record a great and undeniable legal crime.

Alice Lisle was a lady of ancient and honourable descent, being the daughter and heiress of Sir White Becansaw, of Moyles Court, in the county of Hants. She was married to John Lisle, a younger son of Sir William Lisle, Knight of Wodyton, a seat that Sir William and his ancestors, some of whom were Lords Lisle, held in the Isle of

Wight from the time of Henry III. Alice Lisle, by her marriage, brought Moyles Court, the scene of the tragedy here to be related, into the Lisle family. Alice Lisle's husband, John Lisle, was a somewhat remarkable personage. He had been bred to the Bar; and, having joined the party of the Commonwealth, he was appointed one of the judges on the trial of Charles I., and sat during the disgraceful proceedings against his Majesty, but did not sign the death-warrant. He was made, by Cromwell, member of the Council of State, a Joint Commissioner of the Great Seal, and a Chief Judge of the High Court of Justice, and was created a peer as Lord Lisle. This John Lisle, it should be particularly observed, in passing, was one of the Commissioners who sat at the not very fair trial of that gallant but too daring and reckless Cavalier, Colonel John Penruddocke, who was executed for high treason against the Commonwealth, in 1655. As this Colonel Penruddocke's son was the magistrate who arrested Alice Lisle, and bore determined evidence against her at her trial, it is not improbable that the feeling of the influential Penruddocke family against her husband may have had not a little to do with the intense severity shown to herself.

On the Restoration of Charles II., John Lisle's name was excluded from the act of indemnity, and a price was set upon his head. He escaped to the continent, and was residing peaceably with his family at Lausanne, when on the 11th August 1664, he was assassinated there, on his way to church, by two loose hangers on or bullies of the Royalist party. Alice, or as she was usually called (despite of the illegality of her husband's title), Lady Lisle, returned, after Lisle's murder, with her children, to Moyles Court, and there lived in honourable retirement, much beloved and respected by most of her neighbours, and in peace with them all. She was an excellent person, amiable, humane, and charitable, and had ever endeavoured to prevent her husband's acting harshly towards the King and the Royalists; and it is believed that it was by her persuasion that he did not put his name to the regicide death-warrant. Lady Lisle was eighty years of age when, for an act of mercy, she was brought to the scaffold. By the law of England (and it is a shame that it is so), whoever gives assistance or protection to a traitor, after the fact, or permits or favours the escape of such a person from custody, being at the time aware of the party's act of treason, becomes himself a principal traitor, and is liable to all the pains and penalties of treason. True, the harbourer of the traitor could not be convicted until after the traitor be himself found guilty; but Judge Jeffreys overruled that difficulty, in Lady Lisle's case, and by so doing perverted the law, and made her death a murder. Lord Macaulay, in his "History of England," thus comments on the facts and law of this abominable trial:

"Lady Alice was related to many respectable, and to some noble, families, and she was generally esteemed even by the Tory gentlemen of

her county; for it was well known to them that she deeply regretted some acts of violence in which her husband had borne a part, that she had shed bitter tears for Charles the First, and that she had protected and relieved many Cavaliers in their distress. The same womanly kindness, which had led her to befriend the Royalists in their time of trouble, would not suffer her to refuse a meal and a hiding-place to the wretched men who now entreated her to protect them. She took them into her house, set meat and drink before them, and showed them where they might take rest. The next morning her house was surrounded by soldiers. Strict search was made. Hicks was found concealed in the malt-house, and Nelthorpe in the chimney. If Lady Alice knew her guests to have been concerned in the insurrection, she was undoubtedly guilty of what, in strictness, is a capital crime. For the law of principal and accessory, as respects high treason, was then, and is to this day, in a state disgraceful to English jurisprudence. In cases of felony, a distinction, founded on justice and reason, is made between the principal and the accessory after the fact. He who conceals from justice one whom he knows to be a murderer, though liable to punishment, is not liable to the punishment of murder; but he who shelters one whom he knows to be a traitor is, according to all our jurists, guilty of high treason. It is unnecessary to point out the absurdity and cruelty of a law which includes under the same definition, and visits under the same penalty, offences lying at the opposite extremes of the scale of guilt. The feeling which makes the most loyal subject shrink from the thought of giving up to a shameful death the rebel who, vanquished, hunted down, and in mortal agony, begs for a morsel of bread and a cup of water, may be a weakness; but it is surely a weakness very nearly allied to virtue, a weakness which, constituted as human beings are, we can hardly eradicate from the mind without eradicating many noble and benevolent sentiments. A wise and good ruler may not think it right to sanction this weakness; but he will generally connive at it, or punish it very tenderly. In no case will he treat it as a crime of the blackest dye. Whether Flora Macdonald was justified in concealing the attainted heir of the Stuarts, whether a brave soldier of our own time was justified in assisting the escape of Lavalette, are questions on which casuists may differ; but to class such actions with the crimes of Guy Faux and Fieschi is an outrage to humanity and common sense. Such, however, is the classification of our law. It is evident that nothing but a lenient administration could make such a state of law endurable. And it is just to say that, during many generations, no English Government, save one, has treated with rigour persons guilty of harbouring defeated and flying insurgents.* To women especially has

* The only modern imitation of this "harbouring" law, of feudal despotic origin, was that which occurred in France during a period of ultra-liberty, but ugly memory, the Reign of Terror—extremes meet—when, pursuant to a decree of the Regicide Convention, it was made death, with forfeiture of lands and goods, to harbour or protect, even for an instant, a proscribed person. Much cruelty ensued from this

been granted, by a kind of tacit perscription, the right of indulging, in the midst of havoc and vengeance, that compassion which is the most endearing of all their charms."

Whether from the neglect of legislators, or from its being deemed a dead letter on account of the improbability of its ever being put in force, this law against harbouring traitors remains, to the disgrace of our jurisprudence, in full force to this day.

Burnet thus relates Lady Lisle's offence, trial, and conviction :

"Lady Lisle was a woman of great piety and charity. The night after the action (the battle of Sedgemoor, July 6, 1685), Hicks, a violent preacher among the Dissenters, and Nelthorp, came to her house. She knew Hicks, and treated him civilly, not asking from whence they came. But Hicks told what brought them thither ; for they had been with the Duke of Monmouth. Upon which she went out of the room immediately, and ordered her chief servant to send information concerning them to the next justice of peace, and in the meanwhile to suffer them to make their escape. But before this could be done a party came about the house and took both of them, and her for harbouring them. Jeffreys resolved to make a sacrifice of her ; and obtained of the King a promise that he would not pardon her ; which the King owned to the Earl of Feversham, when he, upon the offer of £1000 if he could obtain her pardon, went and begged it. So she was brought to her trial. No legal proof was brought that she knew they were rebels. The names of the persons found in her house were in no proclamation. So there was no notice given to beware of them. Jeffreys affirmed to the jury, upon his honour, that the persons had confessed that they had been with the Duke of Monmouth. This was turning a witness against her, after which he ought not to have judged in the matter. And though it was insisted on as a point of law, that till the persons found in her house were

decree, of which the following is an instance :—Marguerite Elie Guadet, the famous Girondin, proscribed by the Convention, was concealed, together with his comrade, Sallé, also proscribed, in the garret of his father's house. They were there discovered and executed at Bordeaux. For the protection afforded them, Guadet's aged father, his aunt, his brother, and three others, were all sent to the guillotine. At the mock trial to which Guadet senior was subjected, prior to being killed, he said, in answer to the President, Lacombe : "How could I act otherwise, one of the proscribed was my own son?" "You should have thought of Brutus," exclaimed Lacombe ; "and have delivered your son to the law." Guadet, the Girondin's widow, only escaped by being at the time ill of the small-pox, and unable to appear at the bar of the Tribunal. "Never mind," said Lacombe, "she will serve for another time." Fortunately he was out in his reckoning, and that time did not come ; the 9th Thermidor intervened, and it was Lacombe himself who went to the scaffold. This law against harbouring was, speedily after the Reign of Terror, abolished in France ; and, by the present French code (the enactment should be adopted in England), the harbourer, knowingly, of a person guilty of a crime, "*importante peine afflictive*," whatever that crime may be, is subject to imprisonment of not less than two months, and not more than two years ; and from this penalty a harbourer is excepted, if the father, mother, husband, wife, brother, sister, or child of the party harboured.

convicted, she could not be found guilty; yet Jeffreys charged the jury in a most violent manner to bring her in guilty. All the audience were strangely affected with so unusual a behaviour in a judge. Only the person most concerned, the lady herself, who was then past seventy, was so little moved at it, that she fell asleep. The jury brought her in not guilty. But the judge in great fury sent them out again. Yet they brought her in a second time not guilty. Then he seemed as in a transport of rage. He upon that threatened them with an attain of jury. And they, overcome with fear, brought her in the third time guilty. The King would show no other favour but that he changed the sentence from burning to beheading. She died with great constancy of mind; and expressed a joy that she thus suffered for an act of charity and piety."

I now give some incidents from the trial itself, which took place at Winchester, and was the first under that merciless Commission at which Jeffreys presided to try the parties implicated in Monmouth's rebellion. It was the Commission which sent three hundred and thirty persons to the scaffold, and eight hundred into transportation.

Jeffreys, who was not only a judge but also a general under the Commission, entered Winchester in military array, escorted by a guard of the soldiers of another sanguinary scoundrel of the period, Colonel Kirk. Jeffreys took his seat on the bench, the 27th of August 1685, and poor old Lady Lisle, the only prisoner to be capitally tried in Hampshire, was put at the bar. She pleaded not guilty and the case against her was detailed by Henry Pollexfen, a Whig barrister. Mr. Serjeant Woolrych, in his "Life of Jeffreys," is astonished to find Pollexfen the counsel prosecuting her, and thus comments on the circumstance:

"One of the most singular incidents, however, which accompanied this trial, was the appearance of Henry Pollexfen as counsel for the Crown. This lawyer had been deep in the confidence of the country party, or, according to North, 'in all the desperate designs against the Crown,' and yet was selected for the King's Advocate upon this emergency; and, which is yet more strange, consented to the employment. Fanatic as he is called, he had contrived hitherto to preserve a great character for consistency; and, in spite of his new retainer, was made Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, on the accession of King William."

Serjeant Woolrych further remarks in a note: "The conciliation of Pollexfen, upon this occasion was no indifferent stroke of policy, since the writers who have undertaken to defend the conduct of King James, rely upon that lawyer's appointment to be the Crown counsel, as a proof that the monarch wished to adopt a course of moderation." King William's advancement of Pollexfen, as mentioned by Serjeant Woolrych, may be more easily understood from the fact that the same monarch also took Colonel Kirk into his service.

Mr. Pollexfen's speech against Alice Lisle was as follows :

"May it please your lordship, and you gentlemen of the jury, I am of counsel in this case for the King. The prisoner that now stands at the bar, Alice Lisle, is the widow of one Lisle, who was in his lifetime sufficiently known. The person mentioned in the indictment to be entertained and concealed by her, John Hicks, is a conventicle preacher, and one, that for bringing the traitorous purposes intended in this late horrid rebellion to effect, was one of the greatest and most active instruments ; for he was personally in this rebellion, and did persuade and exhort some loyal persons, that happened to have the misfortune of being taken prisoners by that rebellious crew, to quit their duty and allegiance to the King, their sovereign lord, and become partakers with them and the rest of his traitorous accomplices, in taking arms under their false pretended prince. This, my lord, we shall prove to you by plain, evident, and undeniable testimony of those very persons whom this seducer thus applied himself to. Gentlemen, after it pleased God, by his blessing on the victorious arms of the King, that the rebels were defeated, their pretended prince and head, with some of the chief of his accomplices, were taken prisoners, and that in a place near the house where the prisoner lived,—when all the country was full of hurry in pursuit after those wicked rebels, thus, by God's blessing and providence, dissipated and forced, like vagabonds, to skulk up and down,—then does this Hicks, having got from the battle as far as Warminster in the next county, send a messenger, one Dunne, to the prisoner's house, to desire her and request her, that she would receive and harbour him and his friend (who that was, will appear by and bye). Mrs. Lisle returns an answer, by the messenger, that she would receive him, and does withal give particular direction, that the time they did come should be late in the evening. Accordingly, he comes in the beginning of the night, at ten of the clock, booted and spurred, and bringing with him another arch-rebel, one Nelthorp, that stands outlawed for a most black and horrid treason. When they came to the prisoner's house they turned their horses loose at the gate, for the danger was so great, and their apprehensions of being taken so urgent upon them to conceal and shift for themselves, that they thought it convenient to let their horses go where they would. When they came there, the messenger, as we shall prove by himself, was conveyed away to a chamber : but Mrs. Lisle causes meat and drink to be set before Mr. Hicks and Nelthorp, and they supped with her, and afterwards they were lodged by her particular order and direction. The next morning Colonel Penruddocke, who had some intimation, in his search after the rebels, that some persons lay concealed in Mrs. Lisle's house, comes thither, and tells her, after he had beset the house, 'Madam, you have rebels in your house, I am come to seize them ; pray deliver them up.' She denied that she had any in her house ; but, upon search, Hicks and Nelthorp, and that other fellow, the messenger, were all found there, and she, thereupon, secured with them. The method wherein

we shall give our evidence will be this ; we shall first begin with this piece of evidence, that we shall prove that Hicks was actually in the army, and in the rebellion ; and then we shall prove the several subsequent facts as have been opened. We desire Mr. Pope, Mr. Fitzherbert, and Mr. Taylor may be sworn.

Alice Lisle.—"My lord, as for what is said concerning the rebellion, I can assure you, I abhorred that rebellion as much as any woman in the world—"

Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys.—"Look you, Mrs. Lisle, because we must observe the common and usual method of trial in your case, as well as others, I must interrupt you now. You shall be fully heard when it comes to your turn to make your defence, but anything you say now beforehand is altogether irregular and improper. You, it may be, are ignorant of the forms of law, therefore I would inform you: you are first to hear what your accusation is ; you shall ask any questions of the witnesses that you will, after the King's counsel have examined them, as they go along ; and when all their testimony is delivered, you shall be heard to make your own defence, and have full scope and liberty to enlarge upon it as long as you can. It is a business that concerns you in point of life and death ; all that you have or can value in the world lies at stake, and God forbid that you should be hindered, either in time or anything else, whereby you might defend yourself ; but, at present, it is not your turn to speak, for the forms of law require your accusers first to be heard ; and it is absolutely requisite that the usual forms and methods of law be inviolably observed, and be sure it does the prisoner no injury that the law is kept so strictly to ; and we have that charity, as well as justice, that it becomes and is not below all courts to have for persons in your conditions ; and we are obliged to take care that you suffer no detriment or injury by any illegal or irregular proceedings. For, though we sit here as judges over you by authority from the King, we are accountable, not only to him, but to the King of kings, the Great Judge of heaven and earth ; and therefore are obliged, both by our oaths and upon our consciences, to do you justice, and by the grace of God we shall do it, you may depend upon it. And as to what you say concerning yourself, I pray God with all my heart you may be innocent. Pray call your witnesses."

It was a pity the Lord Chief Justice did not practise as well as preach this fine system of morality. His conduct, as the trial went on, was in direct contradiction of the maxims he laid down.

To Mr. Pope, who attested to Hicks being a rebel in arms, the Lord Chief Justice said : "Though you were pleased to phrase it, sir, in the beginning of your testimony, a misfortune that you were taken prisoner by the rebels ; yet, I suppose, you could not be without the consolation of a good conscience, that you suffered in the way of doing your duty."

Pope.—"My lord, I am very well satisfied I did suffer in a good cause."

L. C. J.—"There is one piece of happiness in it; that by that means you are able to give this testimony this day, and do the King this piece of service."

A nice kind of service for the King, to help to put a poor old lady o feighty to death. Dunne, the principal witness alluded to in Mr. Pollexfen's speech, prevaricated so much on both sides that really his evidence ought to have been rejected altogether. The brow-beating he received from Jeffreys was something awful, and would even, were he telling the truth, have taken his senses away. Here are specimens:

L. C. J.—"Dost thou believe that any one here believes thee? Prithee, what trade art thou?"

Dunne.—"My lord, I am a baker by trade."

L. C. J.—"And wilt thou bake thy bread at such easy rates? Upon my word then, thou art very kind. Prithee, tell me, I believe thou dost use to bake on Sundays; dost thou not?"

Dunne.—"No, my lord, I do not."

L. C. J.—"Alackaday! thou art precise in that; but thou canst travel on Sundays to lead rogues into lurking holes."

L. C. J.—"Thou art a strange prevaricating, shuffling, snivelling, lying rascal."

Mr. Pollexfen.—"We will set him by for the present, and call Barter, that is the other fellow."

L. C. J.—"Will the prisoner ask this person any questions?"

Lisle.—"No."

L. C. J.—"Perhaps her questions might endanger the coming out of all the truth, and it may be she is well enough pleased to have him swear as he does; but it carries a very foul face, upon my word." This, by the way, was a scandalous observation to make to the prisoner's prejudice in the presence of the jury.

L. C. J.—"I would not terrify thee to make thee say anything but the truth; but assure thyself I never met with a lying, sneaking, canting fellow, but I always treasured up vengeance for him."

* * * *

L. C. J.—"What do you say to that, Dunne? It seems you told Barter that you apprehended them to be rebels?"

Dunne.—"I apprehended them to be rebels, my lord!"

L. C. J.—"No, no, you did not apprehend them for rebels, but you hid them for rebels. But did you say to Barter you took them to be rebels?"

Dunne.—"I take them to be rebels!"

L. C. J.—"You blockhead, I ask you, did you tell him so?"

Dunne.—"I tell Barter so!"

L. C. J.—"Ay, is not that a plain question?"

Dunne.—"I am quite cluttered out of my senses; I do not know what I say."

L. C. J.—"But to tell the truth I would not rob thee of any of thy

senses, if ever thou hadst any ; but it should seem that neither thou, nor thy mistress, the prisoner, had any, for she knew nothing of it neither ; though she had sent for them thither."

All this labouring of the Chief Justice was to get out of Dunne, the positive evidence that Lady Lisle knew the two persons were rebels when she took them in, which never appeared very clearly during the whole trial. Colonel Penruddocke, who gave evidence of the arrest of Hicks and Nelthorp, at Lady Lisle's house, Moyles Court, pressed hard upon the prisoner as to her knowing they were rebels ; and yet his testimony was confused, despite of the colour he would give to the circumstances.

Mr. Pollexfen.—"Pray, Colonel Penruddocke, did you tell her you came to search for rebels?"

Colonel Penruddocke.—"Yes, sir, I told her as soon as I saw her ; but we had a good while beset the house before anybody answered us ; at length, there were some ladies, or gentlewomen—I imagined them to be her daughters—that upon our noise looked out at the window ; and I told them there were rebels in the house, and I required them in the King's name to be delivered to me ; but I saw not my lady till after I brought out Hicks and Dunne."

L. C. J.—"What said she to you?"

Colonel Penruddocke.—"She said, she knew nothing of their being in the house ; but I told her there was somebody else besides, and she would do well to deliver him without trouble ; but she denying of it, we searched further, and found Nelthorp, as I told you."

L. C. J.—"But she denied at first it seems?"

Alice Lisle here interferes and cries out : "My lord, I hope I shall not be condemned without being heard?"

L. C. J.—"No, God forbid, Mrs. Lisle ; that was a sort of practice in your husband's time ; you know very well what I mean. But, God be thanked, it is not so now, the King's court of law never condemns without hearing." This was another attempt to influence the jury, by recalling to them, most unfairly, the part Lady Lisle's husband had taken in the trial of Charles I.

On the evidence for the Crown being concluded, the Lord Chief Justice said : "Then you that are for the prisoner at the bar, now is your time to make your defence ; you hear what is charged upon you, and what a kind of shuffling here has been to stifle the truth, and I am sorry to find the occasion to speak it ; that under the figure and form of religion, such practices should be carried on. What have you to say for yourself?"

Mrs. Lisle.—"My lord, that which I have to say to it is this : I knew of nobody's coming to my house but Mr. Hicks ; and, for him I was informed that he did abscond by reason of warrants that were out against him for preaching in private meetings ; but I never heard that he was in the army, nor that Nelthorp was to come with him, and for that reason it was that I sent for him to come by night. But, for the

other man, Nelthorp, I never knew it was Nelthorp; I could die upon it; nor did not know what name he had till after he came into my house. But as for Mr. Hicks, I did not in the least suspect him to have been in the army, being a Presbyterian minister, that used to preach, and not to fight."

L. C. J.—"But I will tell you, there is not one of those lying snivelling, canting Presbyterian rascals, but one way or another had a hand in the late horrid conspiracy and rebellion, upon my conscience I believe it, and would have been as deep in the actual rebellion, had it had any little success, as that other fellow Hicks; their principles carry them to it. Presbytery has all manner of villany in it; nothing but Presbytery could lead that fellow Dunne to tell so many lies as he has told; for show me a Presbyterian, and I will engage to show a lying knave." Jeffreys, it should be here observed, was even more than usually and absurdly virulent at this trial against Presbyterians and other Dissenters, for the simple reason that he could no longer, as he was formerly wont to do, indulge in violent abuse of the Church of Rome and its members, because he was just then expecting to be made Lord Chancellor by a Catholic King.

Mrs. Lisle.—"My lord, I abhorred both the principles and practices of the late rebellion."

L. C. J.—"I am sure you had great reason for it."

Mrs. Lisle.—"Besides, my lord, I should have been the most ungrateful person living, should I have been disloyal, or acted anything against the present King, considering how much I was obliged to him for my estate."

L. C. J.—"Oh then! Ungrateful! Ungrateful adds to the load which was between man and man, and is the basest crime that any one can be guilty of."

Mrs. Lisle.—"My lord, had I been tried in London I could have had my Lady Abergavenny, and several other persons of quality, that could have testified how much I was against this rebellion, and with what detestation I spoke against it, during the time of it; for I was all that time at London, and stayed there till after the Duke of Monmouth was beheaded; and if I had certainly known the time of my trial in the country, I could have had the testimony of those persons of honour for me. But, my lord, I am told, and so I thought it would have been, that I should not have been tried as a traitor for harbouring him, till he was convicted for a traitor. My lord, I would take my death of it, that I never knew, of Nelthorp's coming, nor anything of his being Nelthorp; I never asked his name, and if he had told me, I had then remembered the proclamation. I do assure you, my lord, for my own part, I did abhor those that were in that horrid plot and conspiracy against the King's life; I know my duty to my King better, and have always exercised it; I defy anybody in the world that ever knew the contrary, to come and give testimony."

L. C. J.—"Have you any more to say?"

Mrs. Lisle.—"As to what they say of my denying Nelthorp to be in my house, I was in great consternation and fear of the soldiers, who were very rude and violent, and could not be restrained by their officers from robbery, and plundering my house. And I beseech your lordship to make that construction of it; and I humbly beg your lordship not to harbour an ill opinion of me, because of those false reports that go about of me, relating to my carriage towards the old King, that I was in anyways consenting to the death of King Charles I; for, my lord, that is as false as God is true. My lord, I was not out of my chamber all the day in which that King was beheaded; and I believe I shed more tears for him than any woman then living did; and this the late Countess of Monmouth, and my Lady Marlborough, and my Lord Chancellor Hyde, if they were alive, and twenty of the most eminent persons of the most eminent quality, could bear witness for me. And I do repeat it, my lord, as I hope to attain salvation, I never did know Nelthorp, nor never did see him before in my life; nor did I know of anybody's coming, but Mr. Hicks, and him I did know to be a nonconformist minister; and there being, as is well known, warrants out to apprehend all nonconformist ministers, I was willing to give him shelter from these warrants. I was come down but that week into the country, when this man came from Mr. Hicks, to know if he might be received at my house; and told him if Mr. Hicks pleased, he might come up on Tuesday in the evening, and should be welcome; but withal I told him, I must go away the Monday following from that place, but while I stayed I would entertain him. And I beseech your lordship to believe, I had no intention to harbour him but as a nonconformist; and that I knew was no treason. It cannot be imagined that I would venture the hazard of my own life and the ruin both of my myself and children, to conceal one that I never knew in my life, as I did not know Mr. Nelthorp, but had heard of him in the proclamation. And for that white-headed man that speaks of my denying them, as I said before, he was one of them that rifled and plundered my house, and tore open my trunk; and if I should not be convicted, he and the rest of them may be called to an account for what they did, for they ought not to have meddled with my goods. Besides, my lord, I have a witness that can testify what Mr. Nelthorp said when he was examined before—"

L. C. J.—"Look you, Mrs. Lisle, that will signify little; but if you have any witnesses, call them, we will hear what they say. Who is that man you speak of?"

Lisle.—"George Creed his name is; there he is."

L. C. J.—"Well what do you know?"

Creed.—"I heard Nelthorp say, that my Lady Lisle did not know of his coming, nor did not know his name, nor had he ever told his name till he named himself to Colonel Penruddocke, when he was taken."

L. C. J.—"Well, this is nothing ; she is not indicted for harbouring Nelthorp, but Hicks. Have you any more witnesses?"

Mrs. Lisle.—"No, my lord."

L. C. J.—"Have you any more to say for yourself?"

Mrs. Lisle.—"My lord, I came but five days before this into the county."

L. C. J.—"Nay, I cannot tell when you came into the county, nor do I care ; it seems you came in time enough to harbour rebels."

Her being only recently in the county was, however, a fact in her favour, as showing she had but little time to know what was going on.

Mrs. Lisle.—"I stayed in London till all the rebellion was past and over ; and I never uttered a good word for the rebels, nor ever harboured so much as a good wish for them in my mind : I know the King is my sovereign, and I know my duty to him ; and if I would have ventured my life for anything, it would have been to serve him. I know it is his due, and I owed all I had in the world to him. But though I did not fight for him myself, my son did ; he was actually in arms on the King's side in this business ; I instructed him always in loyalty ; and sent him thither ; it was I that bred him up to fight for the King."

L. C. J.—"Well, have you done?"

Lisle.—"Yes, my lord."

L. C. J.—"Have you a mind to say any more?"

Mrs. Lisle.—"No, my lord."

L. C. J.—"Then command silence."

Upon this, Jeffreys addressed the jury in a speech which was tantamount to commanding them to convict the prisoner. I take from his discourse the following passages :

"This person, Mrs. Lisle, the prisoner at the bar, she is accused of receiving and harbouring this person, Hicks. And, gentlemen, I must tell you for law, of which we are the judges and not you, that if any person be in actual rebellion against the King ; and another person (who really and actually was not in rebellion) does receive, harbour, comfort, and conceal him that was such, a receiver is as much a traitor, as he who indeed bore arms. We are bound by our oaths and consciences, to deliver and declare to you what is law ; and you are bound, by your oaths and consciences, to deliver and declare to us, by your verdict, the truth of the fact."

But this was not the whole law, as Jeffreys well knew, for he craftily omits from the statement, the *scienter*, as lawyers call it, *i.e.*, the guilty knowledge (as in this case that Hicks was a rebel) necessary to complete the offence. Jeffreys proceeds again, shamefully recalling, with hypocrite qualification, her husband's conduct and a false report against herself :

"I will not say what hand her husband had in the death of that blessed martyr ; she has enough to answer for of her own guilt ; and I must confess it ought not one way or another to make any ingredient into this case what she was in former times : and I told a relation of

hers, Mr. Tipping by name, that came to me last night, to desire that she might not lie under some imputations that were gone abroad of her, that she rejoiced at the death of King Charles I., nor that any false report of that nature might influence the court or jury against her, that it should not : be it either true or false, it is of no weight one way or other in the trial of this case, nor is she to be accountable for it. But I must remember you of one particular, that is plain upon this evidence, and is of very great moment in this case ; that after all these private messages and directions given to come by night, and the kind reception they met with when they came, and after all this care to lodge them and feed them,—when Colonel Penruddocke, after the discovery made by Barter, came to search her house, then she had nobody in it truly, which is an aggravation of the offence, testified by Colonel Penruddocke himself, *whose father likewise was a martyr, and died for his fidelity to the crown ; and who was the judge of that father, we all very well know.*"

This was another side blow for the jury. At the end of Jeffreys' address, one of the jury very properly asked : "Pray, my lord, some of us desire to know of your lordship, in point of law, whether it be the same thing, and equally treason, in receiving him before he was convicted of treason, as if it had been after?"

L. C. J.—"It is all the same thing, there certainly can be no doubt ; for, if in case this Hicks had been wounded in the rebel army, and had come to her house and there been entertained, but have died there of his wounds, and so could never have been convicted, she had been nevertheless a traitor."

This, according to Hale, and all the luminaries of our jurisprudence, was bad law : there must be a conviction of the traitor before any one can be found guilty of harbouring him. In fact, it stands to common reason that one cannot be said to have harboured a criminal until the criminal be proved to have been such.

"The jury," continues the State Trial report, "withdrew, and staying out a while, Lord Jeffreys expressed a good deal of impatience, and said he wondered that in so plain a case they would go from the bar ; and would have sent for them, with an intimation that if they did not come quickly he would adjourn and let them lie by it all night ; but after about half-an-hour's stay the jury returned, and the foreman addressed himself to the court thus :

"My lord, we have one thing to beg of your lordship some directions in, before we can give our verdict in this case ; we have some doubt upon us, whether there be sufficient proof that she knew Hicks to have been in the army?"

L. C. J.—"There is as full proof as proof can be ; but you are judges of the proof ; for my part, I thought there was no difficulty in it."

Foreman.—"My lord, we are in some doubt of it."

L. C. J.—"I cannot help your doubts; was there not proved a discourse of the battle and of the army at supper time?"

Foreman.—"But, my lord, we are not satisfied that she had notice that Hicks was in the army."

L. C. J.—"I cannot tell what would satisfy you. Did she not inquire of Dunne whether Hicks had been in the army? And when he told her he did not know, she did not say she would refuse him if he had been there, but ordered him to come by night, by which it was evident she suspected it; and when he and Nelthorp came, discoursed with them about the battle and the army. Come, come, gentlemen, it is a plain proof."

Foreman.—"My lord, we do not remember that it was proved that she did ask any such question when they were there."

L. C. J.—"Sure you do not remember anything that has passed? Did not Dunne tell you that there was such discourse, and she was by, and Nelthorp's name was named? But if there was not such proof the circumstances and management of the thing are as full of proof as can be. I wonder what it is you doubt of?"

Mrs. Lisle.—"My lord, I hope—"

L. C. J.—"You must not speak now."

Then the jury laid their heads together for near a quarter of an hour and at length agreed; and, being called over, delivered in this verdict by the foreman.

Cl. of Ar.—"Alice Lisle, hold up thy hand. Gentlemen of the jury, look upon the prisoner; how say ye? Is she guilty of the treason whereof she stands indicted, or not guilty?"

Foreman.—"Guilty,"

Cl. of Ar.—"What goods or chattels, lands, or tenements, had she?"

Foreman.—"None that we know of."

Cl. of Ar.—"Look to her, jailor; she is found guilty of high treason: and prepare yourself to die."

Then the verdict was recorded.

L. C. J.—"Gentlemen, I did not think I should have had any occasion to speak after your verdict; but, finding some hesitancy and doubt among you, I cannot but say I wonder it should come about; for I think, in my conscience, the evidence was as full and plain as could be, and if I had been among you, and she had been my own mother, I should have found her guilty."

This report does not literally account with Burnet's statement that the jury brought Alice Lisle in twice not guilty; but in substance it does, for the circumstance of the jury coming twice into court to express their doubt, was pretty nearly tantamount to their acquitting the prisoner, had they not been in this infamous way overruled and overawed by the judge. Jeffreys, on delivering sentence, launched into another tirade, to which he endeavoured to give a religious tone; but which, when one considers the man and what he was doing, had much more

of blasphemy than piety in it. In the course of his address he said : "Particularly, I cannot but lament the deplorable condition of you, Mrs. Lisle, a gentlewoman of quality and of fortune, so far stricken in years, therefore ought to have had more discretion ; one, who all your lifetime have been a great pretender to, and professor of, religion, and of that religion which bears a very good name, the Protestant religion ; but that name has been perverted to very ill purposes by some people, who have had nothing but the name to protect themselves under. There is no religion whatsoever except that hypocritical profession of theirs which deserves not the name of religion, I mean the canting, whining, Presbyterian, fanatical profession, that gives the least countenance to rebellion or faction ; and I cannot but lament to find you involved in that herd."

The Lord Chief Justice concluded thus : "The sentence is that you, Mrs. Lisle, be conveyed from hence to the place from whence you came, and from thence you are to be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, where your body is to be burned till you be dead. And the Lord have mercy on your soul."

Jeffreys after a pause then said :

"Look you, Mrs. Lisle, when I left his Majesty, he was pleased to remit the time of all executions to me ; that wherever I found any obstinacy or impenitence, I might order the executions with what speed I should think best ; therefore, Mr. Sheriff, take notice you are to prepare for the execution of this gentlewoman this afternoon. But withal, I give you, the prisoner, this intimation : we that are the judges, shall stay in town an hour or two ; you shall have pen, ink, and paper, brought you ; and if, in the meantime, *you employ that pen, ink, and paper, and this hour or two well (you understand what I mean)*, it may be you may hear further from us, in deferring the execution."

Then the prisoner was taken away. But, afterwards, upon the intercession of some divines of the church of Winchester, she was respited till Wednesday the 2d of September, that was for ten days.

Mr. Serjeant Woolrych, in his "Memoirs of Jeffreys," thus remarks on the singular words used by the judge, which I give in italics : "This intimation might have been applied to a discovery of more state-prisoners, or it is possible that the great man looked keenly for a bribe. For, although writers may have been incorrect in attributing venality to our Lord Chief Justice upon all occasions, it must be confessed that he began a system of corruption on this circuit, to say the least ; and being himself originally without an estate, now spared no means of acquiring one."

Though I have little doubt that Jeffreys was corrupt enough for anything, I do not agree with my brother Woolrych in his view that the judge was hinting at a bribe, because it is quite clear that if he had sought a price for her delivery, any amount that she, who was rich,

or her friends could procure would have been given. I think there is a more hidden meaning in Jeffreys' expression. It is certain he had some powerful motive for putting this poor old lady to death. He it was who watched her punishment, and not his master, James II.; for it was he who (according to the King's own statement) had extorted a promise from the monarch that he would not pardon her. I have looked through the pedigrees of Judge Jeffreys, and of Colonel Penruddocke, who both belonged to families of position in the west of England, but I can find no connection in blood or alliance between them that would justify me in assuming that Jeffreys sought, on that score, to avenge the wrongs of Penruddocke's father, but it will be observed that Jeffreys does go out of his way to hint to the jury about Penruddocke, senior, having been a martyr, and Alice Lisle's husband having been his judge. Be that, however, as it may, the partiality evinced at the trial by Jeffreys against Lady Lisle was so enormous, that it is impossible to come to any other conclusion than that he had some deadly secret reason for seeking her life.

Men in those days were subjected to a horrible combination of hanging, beheading, quartering, etc., as a punishment for treason, but women (*in decency due to the sex*, writes Blackstone) were in all cases to be drawn to the place of execution, and to be burned alive; and burned alive would no doubt have been Alice Lisle (like Mrs. Gaunt of whom I have written in a previous number of this Magazine), but the interference of the Crown mitigated her sentence to beheading.

On Monday the 31st of August the following petition was presented to the King:

"To the King's most excellent Majesty, the humble petition of Alicia Lisle; Humbly sheweth, That your petitioner lieth under the sentence of death, for harbouring one John Hicks, and is sentenced to be burnt on Wednesday next; that she is the daughter of Sir White Becansaw, descended of an ancient and honourable family, and related to several of the best families of the nobility of this kingdom. Wherefore your petitioner humbly begs your Majesty, that execution may be altered from burning to beheading, and may be respited for four days. And your petitioner shall ever pray," etc.

To this petition his Majesty answered: "That he would not reprieve her one day; but, for altering the sentence, he would do it, if there were any precedents for it." Precedents were found, and she was beheaded, accordingly, at the end of the period of respite granted by Jeffreys. Her execution took place, in the city of Winchester, on the 2d September 1685, in the afternoon, when she was led to a scaffold erected in the market-place. She had the consolation of being accompanied by her daughter, Triphena Lloyd, who attended her with filial devotion. The aged lady behaved herself with great Christian resolution. She delivered a paper to the Sheriff, and, after some little time employed in prayer, she had her head severed from her body; and thus was consummated

one of the foulest pieces of injustice and cruelty that stain the annals of British jurisprudence.

The following was a portion of the paper delivered by Lady Lisle to the Sheriff :

"My crime was entertaining a nonconformist minister, who is since sworn to have been in the late Duke of Monmouth's army. I am told if I had not denied them it would not have affected me. I have no excuse but surprise and fear; which I believe my jury must make use of to excuse their verdict to the world.

"I have been told, the court ought to have been counsel for the prisoner; instead of which, there was evidence given from thence; which, though it were but hearsay, might possibly affect my jury. My defence was such as might be expected from a weak woman: but such as it was, I did not hear it repeated to the jury. But I forgive all persons that have done me wrong, and I desire that God will do so likewise.

"I forgive Colonel Penruddocke, though he told me he could have taken those men before they came to my house.

"As to what may be objected, that I gave it under my hand that I had discoursed with Nelthorp, that could be no evidence to the court or jury, it being after my conviction and sentence.

"I acknowledge his Majesty's favour in altering my sentence; and I pray God to preserve him, that he may long reign in peace, and the true religion flourish under him.

"Two things I have omitted to say, which is, that I forgive him that desired to be taken from the grand jury to the petty jury, that he might be the more nearly concerned in my death.

"Also, I return humble thanks to Almighty God, and the reverend clergy that assisted me in my imprisonment."

Alice Lisle's attainder was afterwards reversed by statute, the 1st William and Mary, in 1689, which statute was entitled "An Act for annulling and making void the attainder of Alicia Lisle, widow;" and, in damning words against Jeffreys, enacted as follows:

"Whereas Alicia Lisle, widow, in the month of August, in the first year of the late King James the Second, at the sessions of Oyer and Terminer, and gaol delivery, holden for the county of Southampton, at the city of Winchester in the said county, by an irregular and undue prosecution, was indicted for entertaining, concealing, and comforting John Hicks, clerk, a false traitor, knowing him to be such though the said John Hicks was not, at the trial of the said Alicia Lisle, attainted or convicted of any such crime. And by a verdict injuriously extorted and procured by the menaces and violence, and other illegal practices of George, Lord Jeffreys, Baron of Wem, then Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and Chief Commissioner of Oyer and Terminer, and gaol delivery, within the said county, was convicted, attainted, and executed for High Treason. May it, therefore, please your most excellent

178 WOMEN OF MERIT CONNECTED WITH CRIMINAL TRIALS.

majesties, at the humble petition of Triphena Lloyd, and Bridget Usher, daughters of the said Alicia Lisle, That it be declared and enacted by the authority of the present Parliament : and be it enacted by the King and Queen's most excellent majesties, by and with the advice and consent of the Lord's spiritual and temporal, and Commons in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, that the said conviction and attainder of the said Alicia Lisle be, and are hereby, repealed, reversed, made and declared null and void to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever, as if no such conviction, judgment, or attainder had ever been had or made ; and that no corruption of blood or other penalty or forfeiture of honours, dignities, lands, goods, or chattels, be by the said conviction or attainder incurred : any law, usage, or custom to the contrary notwithstanding."

Alice Lisle's estate of Moyles Court, passed to her son, John Lisle, Esq. ; on the death of whose only son and heir without issue, the property was inherited by his cousin, Edward Lisle, Esq. of Wodyton, whose male line became extinct in 1819, but whose descendant and representative in the female line is the present Ambrose Lisle March Phillipps de Lisle, Esq., of Garendon Park, and Grace Dieu Manor, Leicestershire, J.P. and D.L. for that county.

Not to omit the last event of this tragedy of Alice Lisle, it should be mentioned that John Hicks and Richard Nelthorp, whom she had so fatally endeavoured to save, were very soon after her conviction tried and executed.

THE GREATEST PLAGUE OF LIFE.

WHAT is to be done? Are the wheels of the domestic machinery to be for ever creaking? Are our leading journals to continue filling their columns with letters of mutual reproach, lamentation, and abuse, from employers and employed? Are we to be reduced to the American alternative of choosing the Southern system of "involuntary servitude," or the Northern "helps" who expect to dine with us and think any work a favour? Shall we adopt the other transatlantic method of living in large hotels, where the work is done nobody knows how, and abandon domestic management altogether until a household machine is invented to replace the tribe of servants, even as the sewing machine has superseded sempstresses? We seem likely to be driven to the horns of some such dilemma before long in this our domestic England; and the development of female education in the upper classes, and national schools in the lower, have as yet rather hindered than helped us.

The fact is, both mistresses and maids are getting above their places—the one too proud to know her duties as ruler, the other too independent to be taught what she does not know. So change is the fashion of the day, and a twelvemonth's character is thought to be something marvellous. Few questions more nearly concern the comfort of our daily lives; and few have been more generally and constantly discussed. Ladies proverbially entertain each other in the after dinner "half-hour" in the drawing-room, with tales of the misdeemeanours of the members of their respective establishments. Servants, their misdeeds and shortcomings, occupy a great portion of the chate-laine's time and thoughts, and although few may go so far as the farmer's wife, in Hannah More's story, who took advantage of being betimes in church to ask the character of a dairymaid across the pews, there is no doubt that similar questions intrude upon many moments that might be better spent.

Loud are the complaints made in the present day against serving-men and maids. Servants, on their part, retort upon the masters and mistresses, and both sides declare the times to be out of joint. Let us look a little into the feminine side of this question; and, leaving coachmen, grooms, footmen, and their attendant satellites, to the charge of the lords of creation, let us consider how matters stand between the lady and her handmaids.

In the first place, let us freely admit that there is some truth in the complaints so generally made. Servants, as a rule, often grievously disappoint their employers; they are untruthful and wasteful, quarrel-

some down-stairs, and impertinent up-stairs, and only too ready to abuse confidence and take advantage of an easy and indulgent mistress. Of course there are many honourable exceptions, as those who have known the blessings of a good female servant can testify; but we are admitting the worst side of the case, and the best of them need constant supervision, and a firm, if gentle, hand on the reins. It becomes us, on the other hand, to inquire how far we fulfil our duties towards them. They have to perform a daily routine of wearying and monotonous tasks, liable at any moment to interruption, to criticism, to censure. They are often, we may reasonably suppose, tired, irritable, or sad; they have loves and sorrows of their own, family troubles, domestic perplexities; but if any sign of these appears in the outward manner, the mistress sets it down to "temper."

How far are they prepared to undergo so searching an ordeal? They are, as a class, ignorant and uncultivated to a degree, with untrained minds and uncurbed tempers. They are placed suddenly in positions of considerable trial and temptation, and are expected to exhibit an amount of self-command and high principle, which we will venture to affirm few mistresses can claim to possess. Those who have seen the interior of a poor man's house can tell how a girl is trained for service. She is perhaps the eldest of the family, and Mary or Susan is called upon from her earliest years to "mind the baby," or "look after the children." She is allowed, so long as she keeps them out of actual catastrophes, to follow her own devices. She may run up and down the court or lane where her parents live, and quickly pick up the art of telling lies with readiness and ingenuity. The coolness and effrontery shown by even young children in telling falsehoods is something marvellous. We have seen a boy of eight years, the son of respectable parents, telling falsehoods with the gravest face in the world, and looking noways abashed when detected. When girls get to the age of fourteen or fifteen, they are too often quite expert at it, and will invent a story of illness or disaster in order to get a holiday, and keep up the part with surprising skill; for if there be one virtue less regarded than another among the lower classes, it is undoubtedly that patronized by the goddess who sits at the bottom of a well. The girl sees her mother's room always untidy and grows habituated to slovenliness and disorder. She picks up a little of the rougher kind of cleaning, and as soon as she is thirteen or fourteen she is sent out to her first place, which is usually a hard one, for young girls are apt to get put upon by older servants. She goes on from place to place, gathering a little more superficial knowledge at each, until she attains the object of her ambition, and gets into "a gentleman's family."

There is, of course, a vast difference not only in the temper and character of girls, but also in their natural aptitude for learning and skill in their fingers; but unless a girl has the good fortune to get early under an experienced servant, who will make her do her work properly, or with a mistress who knows how things should be done, and will take

some pains with her, she is never likely to know her duties thoroughly. The fault lies in the bringing up, and mistresses take servants, expecting them to be adepts in the knowledge and skill required of them, when in fact their education is yet to begin. In domestic work, as in every other mechanical employment, an apprenticeship has to be served; and we shall never get good and efficient servants until they are properly trained to their duties. In the old days, the mistress of a household was herself the trainer; she was the acting head of every department, and could not only detect an error but show the remedy. Now-a-days ladies are quite unequal to such an office, and unable or unwilling to devote their time to domestic arrangements. No one would wish our ladies to abandon their interest in arts, science, or literature, and to go back to the old style, and have no thoughts beyond brewing and baking, pickling and preserving. But we suspect there must be a little change on the part of the mistresses, if we are to hope for a practical reform among our servants. We unhesitatingly affirm that the mistress of a household should know something of domestic work. She need neither sully her hands, nor forsake more congenial employments; in fact the knowledge will save her a great deal of time, as well as gain her a great deal in comfort. Let the servants once see that the mistress knows how work should be done, and knows not only when it is done well but how long it should take doing, and she will hear fewer idle excuses, and meet with less annoyance from eye-service and inattention. Such knowledge is by no means derogatory to the most elegant or best educated woman; in fact the highest lady in the land, in addition to those intelligent and cultivated tastes which have done so much for the encouragement of art and science, is well-known to be an accomplished housewife. But among our English upper middle classes, for it is of them we are chiefly speaking, there is a terrible lack of this knowledge; and where the deficiency exists, a mistress is at the mercy of her servants, and constant change and discomfort are the result.

Let our maidens learn the outlines of domestic management before they enter on the arduous duties of a wife and mother, for when once they can not only reprove bad work, but direct a servant how to do it rightly, half the battle of getting and keeping good servants is won. The other and more important half, relates to the moral management of servants, and here we cannot exonerate our fair matrons from blame. Notwithstanding the opinions which some ladies appear to entertain, it is physiologically certain that servants are made of the same flesh and blood as ourselves, that they have the same feelings—if less sensitive, more uncontrolled; the same passions, only more violent because unrestrained; the same temptations, only of tenfold strength. Unprotected by experience, education, and the thousand safeguards which hedge round the maiden of the middle classes, the young girl of seventeen or eighteen is sent at the most excitable and susceptible age among strangers, who would indignantly repress any attempt at confidence if she offered it.

She is kept strictly at work, treated as a machine, with no diversion for body or mind save the fatal occasional holiday, when no one asks where she is going, who are to be her companions, or how she means to get home. She is sent out into the great Babylon with her wages in her pocket—let our refuges and reformatories tell with what result.

The total want of sympathy too often existing between mistresses and servants, members of the same household, is something strange and sad. Nothing can be more unfitting and derogatory than for a mistress to make her servant her confidant, and gossip to her about her private affairs, and those of her friends; but it is altogether a different thing for her to show a little kindly interest in the servant herself. She may inquire as to her family, their whereabouts and well-being; she may encourage her to tell her troubles and express a friendly sympathy in her joys and sorrows. She may show some consideration for her pleasures and pains, avoiding putting her to unnecessary inconvenience, contriving to give her an occasional treat, showing kindness in illness, etc. A kind and thoughtful mistress will find a hundred ways of showing that she looks upon her servants as something more than mere *automata* to minister to her pleasure; and it is such a mistress who in times of illness, or sudden emergency, can safely rely on her servants to give her that willing and hearty aid which can never be purchased by money. In the matter of health, many mistresses show a degree of selfish indifference towards their servants, which is absolutely criminal. Among young girls more especially, irreparable harm is often done to the unformed constitution by a cruel overtaking of the strength and nerves. Late hours, damp rooms, and other disadvantages, are unthought of or disregarded. It is not so much the actual work that injures a servant, as the want of consideration so often shown. We are not, of course, asking for extra indulgences or luxuries of any kind, for feather beds and easy chairs in the kitchen; but the mistress is surely bound to take all reasonable precautions for the health of her whole household; to avoid damp bedrooms, too common with the present underground fashion, stone kitchens, excessive work, lifting heavy weights, and other points which common sense and ordinary experience tell any lady are injurious to health. It is a serious thing to weaken the health of a girl who has only herself to look to; but "evil is wrought by want of thought, as well as by want of heart," as many a poor broken-down servant could testify. A servant is reckoned old at forty, and almost incapable of work a few years after. What is to become of her? Is it at all likely that out of twelve or fifteen pounds a year, with all the fluctuation of change and loss of place, she has saved enough to maintain herself in age and infirmity? No, the workhouse is the general termination to what is at best a somewhat dreary life. The loneliness of some servants' lives is something frightful. The mistress never speaks to them, save to give directions or reproof. They have no fellow-servants to gossip with, and the long, lonely evenings amount to a kind of solitary confinement, and produce the

same effect upon the brain and nerves. It is a startling fact, that notwithstanding the many advantages enjoyed by domestic servants, the good food and shelter, the freedom from anxiety and the regular wages, they contribute by far the greatest number of the inmates of our lunatic asylums, besides forming a large proportion of the unhappy class of fallen women.

These are surely serious things for Christian mistresses to ponder on. Do we do well to keep our servants so far aloof, and to give so little heed to their trials of body and mind? Unquestionably, they often fail in the duty they owe to us; but are we altogether clear with respect to our moral obligations to them? It is surely possible to allow servants a little more variety—a few more subjects of interest; for we should remember that the more vacant the mind, the more oppressive is monotony and solitude. We may lend them books, not merely dry pious commentaries, but good story books such as may lessen the attractions of the more trashy kinds of literature now circulating. It is far better to let them have an evening out occasionally than to keep them strictly to the monthly holiday, which is in any case a questionable good. They are tempted to join parties of pleasure to go to some distance—too often to stay out all night, if belated. The vexed question of followers is best and most kindly settled by allowing occasional visitors, provided the mistress knows who they are, and when they come. It is never advisable to keep open house below stairs, and for a lady not to know who is in her own kitchen; but we may depend upon it that where Mary or Susan can say: "Please, ma'am, may I have my sister, or my mother, or a friend, to-morrow evening;" there is far less risk of gossiping with policemen and soldiers, or of striking up chance acquaintances when sent on errands. Servants, like children, if held in too tightly are sure to rebel, if not openly, secretly, which is worse. A mistress, too, should never allow waste or thriftlessness, for it is a cruel indulgence to the girl, who, if she marries, must be a poor man's wife. If she is wise she will stipulate, when engaging her maid, that she allows no perquisites, for they are most mischievous in every way. She will insist upon her servants faithfully fulfilling the duties of their station, even as she performs hers to them. So then the great reform must begin with the mistresses as the best taught, the best fitted, and the most responsible agents. Such establishments as those which Miss Twining and others have lately instituted for the training of young girls as domestic servants, are national benefits; but every lady, who in her own household can and will so train and teach a girl, may be sure she is doing a good work, that will outlast her generation. Let us then see whether our English ladies, ready as they are for every good work, will not address themselves to this, that lies at their own doors, assured that they will not only reap their reward in the increased comfort of their homes on earth, but look for the approval of the Master whom they also have in heaven.

A SUMMER RAMBLE IN OXFORD.

BY GWYNETH.

“ And, oh ! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, It is this.”

ONCE more in all its fair and peerless beauty has the English summer dawned upon us ; once more, as sang the Roman bard, have fled the snows, and, with the balmy South wind, verdure clothed the meadows ; once more, after the cold, and iron frost of winter, can we look forth with delighted eyes, and drink in Nature's purest beauties, inhale the balmy air which fans our cheeks, and enjoy the countless pleasures which beauteous summer brings in her train. Happy season of joyance : pleasant to the child as he commences life's dreary pilgrimage, and sees the way before him carpeted with flowers ; pleasant to the aged veteran, tired of life's troubles, as he rests him, in his quiet cot, embowered in trees and scented with the wild-flowers' delicate perfume, and thinks him of the mysterious afterland.

It is fairy summer time now in the glorious old city of colleges, Oxford, and at no other seasons do the time-hallowed old seats of learning look more beautiful, with the ivy clinging lovingly and tenderly, like a fair daughter to her aged sire ; with the glorious chesnuts in dark relief, and the merry sunshine everywhere—now lighting up the grassy college lawn ; now making the river, with its busy crowd, glitter like diamonds—while groups of England's fair daughters, sisters perchance, or mayhap nearer and dearer still to Oxford men, light up the grave old walls, with their cheery laughter.

No places, I take it, are productive of more interest than the famed Universities of Great Britain, and especially that glorious trio, Oxford, Edinburgh, and Trinity College, Dublin, where year after year, resort all who represent the three aristocracies of Wit, Talent, and Birth, in the land of the “ Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle.”

Fairly allowing for the beauty and learning of the other two, surely it were no egotism on my part, fair readers, to declare Oxford in the summer term the queen of the three. No place, I opine, in this world can give us such a fair notion of a terrestrial paradise. But my preface, I fear, is growing “ over long,” and I am getting rather a “ bore,” which God forbid. I shall, therefore, with these words of introduction, crave your kind attention while I try and depicture the sights and scenes of the summer time in Oxford, with an artist's eye, indeed ; taking in, as well as I can, the “ effects” of light and of shade, and the most

picturesque "bits." No stern moralizer am I; let such things be left to preachers. No attempt will you find in this little *brochure* to solve the philosophy of life, though one might moralize *sine fine*. There is ample scope, for here are all grades and relations of life. Here may one note the fierce struggle for honour, and the cold despair of failure; here the barque, freighted with precious merchandise, rudderless on a storm-tost sea, and drifting surely to the quicksands of debt and ruin.

Imagine yourselves, gentle readers, in Oxford, this fair May-day. Luncheon has been disposed of in the quaint old college rooms; the venerable plate has been duly admired; the various beverages, which only a college confectioner can devise, done full justice to; and we sally forth into the majestic High Street, just as the musical chimes of St. Mary's are striking two. Well may you start with admiration as the glorious scene bursts upon you—one beautiful fairy scene, as in the "Arabian Nights,"—for there in all its architectural beauty towers the glorious spire of St. Mary's; and there, too, is the dome of the Radcliffe, receptacle of the world's learning; while, further down, we note University, father of all colleges; Queen's, massive but not elegant; and to crown all, at the end, Magdalen, with its grand tower, from which on May-day morning the choristers, with their angelic voices, proclaim the glad advent of summer.

Having exhausted that queen of streets, the "High," we turn a corner, and, *hey presto!*—"Scene II., a sylvan glade"—Oxford in all its woodland scenery, meets our eye. As far as the glance can take in, rows of stately elms, kindly patronizing the mournful willow; fair patches of emerald sward, round which, like a silver thread, meanders the river, fringed with many a pollard willow, in whose banks many a water-rat finds a home. The panorama that we are now beholding, may well make the heart of any human being, who is not entirely lost to the influence of the beautiful, throb with pleasure. On one side the stately halls of Christ Church, from time immemorial the foster-mother of England's nobility, and by their side the no less stately Merton, loved of "mighty hunters." Then the college barges, with their gay pennons floating in the summer air, from which emanate the skill and muscle which win the "Blue Ribbon of the Thames." Then a slight glimpse of the river Isis; and then "not least" the "Broad Walk," where gaily on a summer eve, promenade all the wit, wealth, and beauty, of "bonnie Englande,"

"With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And fair girl-graduates with their golden hair."

Threading the mazes of the walk, which skirts the river Cherwell, and being made sufficiently sensible as we behold the students lazily asleep in punts, or studying the last sensational effusion from "Mudie's," how far the pleasing art of "*far niente*" is studied in Oxford, we at length come to the river; and here in striking contrast is the bustling life of Oxford. Boat crews in their parti-coloured jerseys—the victorious blue of Trinity vying with the "manly Brasenose" yellow. Let us mount

one of the barges and scan the scene, which like a kaleidoscope is ever changing. There may we behold the adventurous freshman, making his first trembling essay in a canoe, "*non illi robur et æs triplex*;" and there too the College eights come thundering along, every man in time, with teeth clenched, and sparkling eye, and above all the shrill cry of the imperious little coxswain, ruthless bully as he is, guiding those eight giants by a word and a touch. And now a quieter little picture, some venerable old 'Varsity man,' with the snows of age on his head, being sculled gently down the stream by his grandson; or some happy trusting Juliet, a *leetle* perhaps afraid, but still confident in her Romeo's nautical skill. Love on, fair people, short is the summer time of life, and the bitter hard winter is approaching. The struggle in real earnest life is shortly to begin where every one must work. But while I thus moralize, the gray shadows are deepening, and streams of men are wending their way to dinner and study. The sluggards to evening chapel to hear the solemn Dean read, and the equally solemn "Vice" respond.

And so night falls upon the city of colleges. The fair cold moonlight looks kindly down upon the silent quadrangle, and silence reigns everywhere, broken only by the revelry which proceeds from some "fast" man's room. Later still and all is wrapped in repose, save that from some late student's window, is seen the faint glimmer of a lamp, while he mindful of the school's grim portal and the ordeal to be gone through there, toils on steadily and thinks of the loved ones at home whose hearts, poor souls, are set on his success.

SCHILLER'S "BRIDE OF MESSINA."

BY AN ENTHUSIAST.

IMMORTAL SCHILLER of Marbach!—of Marbach, that lovely hamlet which towers above the Necker, upon a hill, verdant, sunny, and smiling, where, tradition says, there had in a bygone age lived a giant, an emblem of what was to come; for, in Schiller, Marbach, the gem of the Necker, gave its veritable giant to the world. Immortal Frederick Schiller! who was of power akin to Shakespeare in the art of varying and vivifying his creations, and who, like Shakespeare, has left behind him beings begotten of his brain, that will live while civilization and literature endure. Franz Moor, Fieschi and Leonora, Don Carlos and Elizabeth of Valois, Mary Stuart, Joan of Arc, Wallenstein, William Tell, and last, not least, stately Isabella, princess, and gentle Beatrice, bride of Messina—who knows them not? and who, knowing them, does not preserve them in his memory and his mind's eye as forms turned to shapes by the poet's pen—airy nothings no longer, but magnificent realities for ever?

The announcement of a new edition of Adam Lodge's famous translation of "the Bride of Messina,"* made me thus muse on Schiller and recal with a sensation of pleasure, that sweet but sombre tragedy which, although not even yet duly appreciated by the world, has been so admirably presented to us in English by the truly poetic version of Lodge.

Schiller was courting his future wife, Charlotte de Lengefeld, when he translated the "Iphigenæa" of Euripides that led him to the subject of "The Bride of Messina." At that time uncertainty hung on the success of his suit with Charlotte, and no doubt the tender melancholy he then felt revived in his mind when he sat down to write "The Bride," and pervaded the whole of that remarkable tragedy.

I do like "The Bride of Messina," so sad and solemn, and withal so startling in incident and so thoroughly dramatic, that one wonders not to see it on the English stage.

How grandly does the play open in that mournful, touching, and majestic address of the widowed sovereign of Messina to the ancients of the city—a regal expression of grief that reminds one of a more recent royal sorrow nearer home. The very first words testify the heart affliction of Isabella: "Citizens of Messina, necessity, not my own impulsion, brings me before you, and forces me to quit the retirement of my apart-

* THE BRIDE OF MESSINA, a Tragedy with Choruses, by SCHILLER; to which is prefixed an Essay on the Tragical Chorus. By ADAM LODGE, Esq., M.A. Third Edition, revised; with other Poems. T. F. A. Day, 13 Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn.

ment and discover my face to the eyes of men; for it is becoming that the widow who has lost the glory and light of her life should enfold herself in sombre garments and withdraw herself, within a mysterious circle, from the looks of the world. The imperious and inflexible voice of circumstances brings me to-day towards that mundane glare from which I have severed myself altogether."

But let us look into Mr. Lodge's translation, which will do more justice to the original. That experienced publisher, Mr. Henry Bohn, when he borrowed Mr. Lodge's "Bride of Messina" to place it among his translated works of Schiller, evidently had a high appreciation of it, and thus introduces it:

"The *Bride of Messina*," which has been regarded as the poetical masterpiece of Schiller, and perhaps of all his works presents the greatest difficulties to the translator, is rendered by Adam Lodge, Esquire, M.A. This version, on its first publication, a few years ago, was received with deserved eulogy by several distinguished critics, more especially in the *Examiner* and *Athenæum*, where it formed the subject of elaborate notices. To the present edition has been added Schiller's 'Essay on the use of the Chorus in Tragedy,' in which the author's favourite theory of the 'Ideal of Art' is enforced with great ingenuity and eloquence. This piece has not before appeared in an English dress."

This manly admission of Mr. Lodge's merit does credit to the taste of a mere bookseller, and elevates Mr. Bohn in one's eyes. He was apt enough to perceive that Mr. Lodge's labours had procured for him golden ore. But to come to Mr. Lodge's work itself. We are glad to be told the following in his preface:

"It is to be observed, nevertheless, that while no tragedy produced during the lifetime of Schiller has been heard on our own stage for many years, the '*Bride of Messina*' has continued to find 'fit audience not few,' in Germany and has its turns of representation up to the present time. Several English writers who have given to the world their notes of travel in that country—among them Mrs. Jameson—have recorded its performance at Munich, and in other principal cities, and borne testimony to the profound impression evinced during the progress of a drama, which must be admitted to abound in passages, and whole scenes, replete with sublimity and pathos. The character of Isabella was among the most admired personations of Madame Schroeder—the Siddons of Germany—who took leave of the stage in this part, having been one of its earliest representatives. I may add, that the piece was chosen to be performed before the Queen and the late Prince-Consort, on their first visit to Saxony in 1844 (being the only German play they witnessed during that expedition); the circumstance having appeared to indicate, on the part of the illustrious and highly-gifted person by whom the selection was probably made, a preference, among the dramatic works of Schiller, for his celebrated and only essay in the lyrical tragedy.

"The choral pieces are replete with those charms of sentiment and

melody which distinguished our author's minor poems, and have been acknowledged, by almost general consent, as the most magnificent specimens of lyric verse which the German language affords. They are equally marked by luxuriance of imagery, and recommend themselves by a lyrical freedom and variety befitting their purpose as accompaniments to the action, with which they are made to harmonize by a happy adaptation of thought and style to its successive requirements, and sometimes in the loftiest strains of a serene and reflective wisdom. The poet speaks in union with the sublime and tender moralists."

"The Bride of Messina," is a drama thoroughly sad and tragic throughout. One only passage occurs of a lighter and more dazzling nature. It is the account Don Manuel gives of his first meeting with Beatrice, and is exquisitely rendered by Mr. Lodge :

" One day,
Long had we tracked the boar with zealous toil
On yonder woody ridge ; it chanced, pursuing
A snow white hind, far from your train I roved
Amid the forest maze ; the timid beast,
Along the windings of the narrow vale,
Through rocky cleft and thick-entangled brake,
Flew onward, scarce a moment lost, nor distant
Beyond a javelin's throw ; nearer I came not,
Nor took an aim ; when, through a garden's gate,
Sudden she vanished ; from my horse quick springing,
I followed : lo ! the poor scared creature lay
Stretched at the feet of a young beauteous nun,
That strove, with fond caress of her fair hands,
To still its throbbing heart. Wondering, I gazed,
And motionless ; my spear, in act to strike,
High poised ; while she, with her large piteous eyes
For mercy sued ; and thus we stood in silence,
Regarding one another.

How long the pause
I know not ; time itself forgot : it seemed
Eternity of bliss ! Her glance of sweetness
Flew to my soul ; and quick the subtle flame
Pervaded all my heart :

But what I spoke,
And how this blessed creature answered, none
May ask ; it floats upon my thought, a dream
Of childhood's happy dawn ! soon as my sense
Returned, I felt her bosom throb responsive
To mine ; then fell melodious on my ear
The sound, as of a convent bell, that called
To vesper song ; and, like some shadowy vision
That melts in air, she flitted from my sight,
And was beheld no more."

But we are wrong ; there is another brilliant passage unsurpassed in delicacy and grace by any poet—it is the bridal dressing of Beatrice.

The richness of Schiller's soul is in it, and Mr. Lodge felt the importance of his task when he made the following translation :

" Come along, my friends,
To where the turbaned merchant spreads his store
Of fabrics, gold enwrought with curious art ;
And all the gathered wealth of eastern climes.
First, choose the well-formed sandals, meet to guard
And grace her delicate feet. Then, for her robe,
The tissue, pure as Etna's snow, that lies
Nearest the sun ; light as the wreathy mist,
At summer dawn ; so, playful let it float
About her airy limbs. A girdle next,
Purple, with gold embroidered o'er, to blind,
With witching grace, the tunic that confines
Her bosom's swelling charms. Of silk the mantle,
Gorgeous with like empurpled hues, and fixed
With clasp of gold. Remember, too, the bracelets
To gird her beauteous arms ; nor leave the treasure
Of Ocean's pearly deeps and coral caves.
About her locks entwine a diadem
Of purest gems ; the ruby's fiery glow
Commingling with the emerald's green. A veil,
From her tiara pendent to her feet,
Like a bright fleecy cloud shall circle round
Her slender form : and let a myrtle wreath
Crown the enchanting whole !

Beatrice's celebrated portrait of her mother is thus given by Mr. Lodge :

If I know thy mother,
Horrors betide us both !

BEATRICE.

Oh ! she is gracious
As the sun's orient beam. Yes ! I behold her ;
Fond memory wakes ; and, from my bosom's depths,
Her god-like presence arises to my view !
I see around her snowy neck descend
The tresses of her raven hair, that shade
The form of sculptured loveliness ; I see
The pale high-thoughted brow, the darkening glance
Of her large lustrous orbs ; I hear the tones
Of soul-fraught sweetness !

Mr. Lodge throughout preserves the full force of Schiller's dramatic action : witness the following powerful scene where Don Caesar, the crime-stained slaughterer of his brother, sees no alternative but in suicide :

ISABELLA (*to* BEATRICE).

Thou wilt prevail !
Or none ! implore him that he live, nor rob
The staff and comfort of our days.

BEATRICE.

The loved one
A sacrifice demands : Oh, let me die,
To soothe a brother's shade ! Yes, I will be
The victim ! Ere I saw the light, forewarned
To death, I live a wrong to Heaven ; the curse
Pursues me still : 'twas I that slew thy son ;
I waked the slumbering Furies of their strife ;
Be mine the atoning blood !

CAJETAN.

Ill-fated mother !
Impatient all thy children haste to doom,
And leave thee on the desolate waste, alone,
Of joyless life.

BEATRICE.

Oh, spare thy precious days
For Nature's band : thy mother needs a son ;
My brother, live for her ! Light were the pang
To lose a daughter, but a moment shown,
Then snatched away.

DON CÆSAR (*with deep emotion*).

'Tis one, to live or die,
Blest with a sister's love !

BEATRICE.

Say, dost thou envy
Thy brother's ashes !

DON CÆSAR.

In thy grief he lives
A hallowed life : my doom is death for ever !

BEATRICE.

My brother !

DON CÆSAR.

Sister ! are thy tears for me ?

BEATRICE.

Live for thy mother !

DON CÆSAR (*dropping her hand and stepping back*).

For our mother !

BEATRICE (*hiding her head in his breast*).

Live

For her and for thy sister !

CHORUS (BOHEMUND).

She has won !
Resistless are her prayers : despairing mother,
Awake to hope again—his choice is made !
Thy son shall live.

[*At this moment an Anthem is heard. The folding doors are thrown open ; and in the Church is seen the Catafalque erected, and the Coffin surrounded with candlesticks.*]

DON CÉSAR (*turning to the coffin*).

I will not rob thee, brother !

The sacrifice is thine : Hark ! from the tomb,
 Mightier than mother's tears, or sister's love,
 Thy voice resistless cries : my arms enfold
 A treasure, potent with celestial joys,
 To deck this earthly sphere, and make a lot
 Worthy the gods ! But shall I live in bliss,
 While in the tomb thy sainted innocence
 Sleeps unavenged ? Thou Ruler of our days,
 All just, all wise, let not the world behold
 Thy partial care ! I saw her tears ; enough,
 They flowed for me ! I am content : my brother !
 I come !

[*He stabs himself with a dagger, and falls dead at his sister's feet. She throws herself into her mother's arms.*]

CHORUS (CAJETAN), *after a deep silence*.

In dread amaze I stand, nor know

If I should mourn his fate : one truth revealed
 Speaks in my breast ; no good supreme is life ;
 But of all earthly ills the chief is—Guilt !

Space, however, must be here respected ; otherwise I could linger on, on, upon this *chef d'œuvre* of Frederick Schiller ; especially as I can convey to the reader its wondrous quality through so able a medium as the translation of Mr. Lodge, which I do trust to see some day acted on the English stage by performers of power. I augur for it a great scenic success, a proud and lasting popularity and position, a *juste milieu* between sensational melodramas, and the non-sensational poetry of such a play as Byron's "Manfred." Germany has, on her stage, made Shakespeare her own ; let us return the compliment by giving in our Thespian Temples a local habitation and a name to Schiller's theatrical masterpiece, "The Bride of Messina." Let us give a home here to the giant of Marbach ; let us, while we look towards and think of Stratford and its Avon, have also in our reverence and view that sweet birth-place of Schiller, which rises above, and renders illustrious, the waters of the Neckar.

IN CÆLO QUIES.

BY MISS SHERIDAN CAREY.

I.

TEARS, welling from mine heart, arise :
 The old sweet Sabbath-bells I hear ;
 With quiv'ring lips, I close mine eyes
 And think of One no longer near.

II.

The sights that meet my ling'ring gaze,
 The sounds that murmur to my brain,—
 All speak of long departed days,
 And bring me back their light again.

III.

The elm is green with summer show'rs
 That drop the ivy-leaves upon ;
 And perfume floats from dew-bright flow'rs
 As in those days, for ever gone.

IV.

Still blooms the chestnut as of old ;
 Still em'rald tufts, in quaint parterre,
 Burst forth in pale or purpled gold
 And richly scent the sighing air.

V.

The breeze amidst the linden plays
 As play'd the revel breeze of yore ;
 And silent dance the summer rays,
 In shadows melting as before.

VI.

The stones, the moss, the dark brown mould,
 The things that once as nothing were,
 With anguish'd interest I behold,
 And mark them as though life were there.

IN CÆLO QUIES.

VII.

Unchang'd the spot though gath'ring years
Have faded in the phantom past,
Since mine, alas through blinding tears,
With surging heart to greet it, last.

VIII.

I climb the narrow, creaking stair ;
I sadly ope that chamber door ;
Unnerv'd, I see the vacant chair,
And stand upon that hearth once more.

IX.

There sat She, friendless and alone ;
Thence gaz'd upon the changing sky ;
There mus'd on scenes of brightness, flown
With joys and hopes for ever by.

X.

Here, on this now cold hearth, she trimm'd,
Ah, stern reverse ! her frugal fire ;—
There knelt in pray'r, with faith undimm'd,
And breath'd to Heav'n her soul's desire :

XI.

The window, there,—there, glitt'ring bright,
The sapphire silver-clouded sky,—
And there the panes through which the light
Of drifting stars beheld her die.

XII.

Her books, her crucifix, her bed,—
Of holy things, the pictured traits,—
Here, lov'd memorials of the dead,
There, relics of the "better days :"

XIII.

This was her home ! yea, here she dwelt ;
"Not of, though in, the world" confess,
But One who, nearing Jordan, felt
That on the farther bank was REST.

XIV.

The sounds of life, the song of birds,—
What once *she* heard and look'd upon—
The eyes she met, the tones, the words—
I hear, I see,—but She is gone !

XV.

Gone as 't were yesterday ; and yet
 The moss grows green upon her grave,
 And many an April's show'rs have wet
 The boughs that o'er her tombstone wave.

XVI.

Yea, here she closed her stainless life,
 In holy poverty and pray'r,
 A childless Mother, widow'd Wife,
 With Heav'n alone her griefs to share.

XVII.

Who was she ?—Hers a thrice-told tale,—
 Of gentle blood the common fate
 When fortune, friends, and genius fail,
 And death makes poor and desolate.

XVIII.

Displaced, 'midst natures unrefin'd ;
 Sore struggling oft with tortur'd pride ;
 Condemn'd to solitude of mind ;
 And priceless sympathy denied :

XIX.

Trembling lest strength and health should fail ;
 Careful of crumbs ; and, blench'd with pain,
 Counting scant pence, and turning pale
 Lest sordid cares should warp her brain ;

XX.

Hers with pierc'd heart and aching brow
 To muse on "days that are no more,"
 Yet to the Fiat, meekly, bow ;
 And, bent beneath the Cross, adore :

XXI.

Hers to wade through the surging tide,
 Call'd in the watches of the night,
 God's loving Angels at her side :—
 And REST when dawn'd the morning-light.

XXII.

The chill waves crost, the landing made,
 Life's brief but troubled voyage o'er,
 IN CÆLO QUIES :—faith repaid
 With peace and joy for evermore.

XXIII.

IN CÆLO QUIES :—perfect peace,
 To Adam's sons on earth unknown ;
 Joy that no cruel woes decrease ;
 And glory streaming from the Throne.

XXIV.

Thus ends "the story of a life,"
 Of "better days," and lone, long years,
 Down to the grave with sorrows rife,—
 An old—old story told in tears.

XXV.

And thus 't will be 'twixt might and right,
 Till CHRIST o'er stubborn pride prevail ;
 The strong shall triumph in His might,
 The weak, despoil'd, through weakness fail.

* * * * *

XXVI.

SWEET bells, sweet Sabbath-bells peal on
 While ling'ring here I, tearful, gaze,
 And sigh to feel for ever gone
 That Friend rever'd of childhood's days.

MISSES AND MATRIMONY.

EDITED BY W. W. KNOLLYS.

(Continued from Page 102.)

CHAPTER XIX.

NO LICENSE—WHAT'S TO BE DONE?—THE MILITARY PARSON—AN ANGLO-INDIAN MARRIAGE, AND AN IRISH SPEECH—THE NEW STATION, AND ITS INHABITANTS.

OOLTA POOLTA KHAN, 20th April, 18—

THE last time I opened my journal, Nelson had just proposed to me, and it was all settled that we were to be married and go off to Oolta Poolta Khan the next day. I felt so excited that night that I could not get to sleep, so I got up and wrote to tell aunt all that had taken place. It seemed so sudden that I could hardly believe it was real. I wonder whether I shall be happy. Nelson has been very good to me as yet, but then they say men are so different after the honeymoon. I could not help wishing it had been Lord Adair, though he has behaved so badly to me, but it can't be helped, and I shall be the burra mem* at my new station at all events, which I shouldn't have been if I had married him.

The great difficulty about our marriage, was the clergyman. There is a chaplain at Sadeepore, but he is very careful about himself, and as soon as the hot weather begins he manages to get up to the hills, not, as he explains it, on account of his own health, but on that of his dear wife and children. It's too bad of him to be absent just when we wanted him. Besides, there were several people at that time very sick in the station, and about half a dozen children waiting to be christened. Now we could easily get the Brigadier to marry us, but then there was the licence. What to do we didn't really know. We couldn't be married *without* a licence, and the chaplain was the only person near who could give us one. They call him a cripplegate, or sorrowgate, or something of that sort; I don't exactly recollect which, but I know it is something ending in gate.

After a consultation with Major Talbot, Nelson decided to have a horse sent on half way at once, and to ride up to the hills next morning at four o'clock. Luckily the distance was only twenty miles. About nine o'clock, just as we were sitting down to breakfast, dear Nelson returned, looking very tired but bringing with him the licence containing the Bishop of Calcutta's greeting—I never saw him in my life before—and

* The senior lady.

his permission for us to be married. Not much thanks to him, considering that Nelson gave fifty rupees for the paper. I suppose matrimony is considered a luxury which must be paid for.

We couldn't get "turned off," as Major Talbot calls it, before four in the afternoon, for Nelson's things, which were coming by bullock cart, were not to arrive before. Three o'clock came, half-past three, and yet no luggage. I got in an awful fidget, and Nelson, naughty fellow, began to swear; he didn't think I heard him, but I did though, and scolded him nicely. At last, just at four o'clock, when everybody had arrived, the boxes came. Nelson put on his uniform as fast as he could, and in spite of his bald head, looked very noble and nice. We were both so nervous, and I had a good cry before I went into the room where we were to be married.

The ceremony took place at a card table, of all places in the world, and the Brigadier acted parson. I scarcely know what I expected, but I think I fancied he would have a surplice over his uniform, and the idea tickled me so that it nearly set me off laughing in the middle of the service. Poor Mrs. Talbot thought I was hysterical, and whispered "Don't give way, there's a good little girl—smell my salts." When I had to repeat "love, honour, and obey," I took good care to say "*nobey*;" so if Nelson turns out disagreeable and wants me to do things that I don't want, I shan't have told a story if I refuse. As soon as the service was over Nelson gave me a kiss, but he was in such a flurry that he knocked his forehead against mine and quite hurt me. It did seem so funny people calling me Mrs. Nelson immediately after. Fancy, though, when the breakfast was ready Nelson saying, "Miss Aylmer, breakfast is ready." How people did laugh.

I had only one bridesmaid, for all the other girls had gone up to the hills. I'm very glad I hadn't more, she made such a great stupid of herself. The whole service she did nothing but cry, till Mrs. Talbot whispered to her that if she went on like that, her eyes and nose would get so red she wouldn't be fit to be seen. That stopped her directly. What she did it for at all I can't imagine, unless it was from envy, for she hardly knows me.

The Talbots, dear old souls, managed somehow or other to get a capital breakfast prepared, considering the time was so short. I had been so excited the whole day that I hadn't been able to touch a thing; but when the business was over, and I saw the breakfast, I felt terribly hungry. I would have given worlds to have had a real good meal, but it would never have done for a bride to seem to care for anything more substantial than "eau de cologne and sponge cake," so I got next to nothing. It was quite painful I declare sitting there seeing people eating, drinking, and enjoying themselves, and I so hungry with my mouth watering, afraid to do more than pick the wing of a small chicken. What nonsense it is; I don't see why people shouldn't be very much in love, and yet eat well. The heart's not the appetite, and hunger makes

one cross, instead of amiable. I am sure gentlemen are always much more pleased with everything and everybody, and much more inclined to propose after dinner than at any other time.

There were lots of speeches, but only one was at all amusing. A young Irish officer, a Mr. Stanhope, was selected to propose the health of the bridemaids, and made us all laugh very much. His speech was something like this :

"I've been asked to propose the health of the bridemaids. Being a modest man I confess the idea inspires me with horror. (Loud cries of "Oh," and "Explain.") I mean the idea of making a speech, not the thought of the bridemaids. People think that, because I'm an Irishman, I have no modesty ; but then my mother was an Englishman, which accounts for my bashfulness. (Loud laughter). Now with regard to the bridemaids I can't say very much for them? (Groans). Sure, how can I now ? there's only one of them here, and the rest are away. A fellow can't go on talking for ever about one gal, unless you're in love with her. (More groans, and the bride-maid looks foolish.) Now I'm quite ready to be that directly, if she will let me ; but with the good feeling natral to mee countreemen, I thought may be, it would hurt the bride's feelings if I ventured to admire any one but her to-day. If I haven't said much about the bride-maid, on this melancholy—I mane solemn—occasion, you must draw on your imaginations, gentlemen, for all the charms which I ought to describe. Upon mee word *I* can't—I can't describe them I mane—for my feelings become too much for me, when I look at that fair young creechur (staring at me), who in the bloom of youth is taken away from her lovely companions, and consigned to the dull prose of married life, in which flirting is wrong, and no followers allowed. To return to our sheep, as the French say, or my bride-maid rather, you mustn't think because I have said little about bridemaids that I am insensible to their attractions. On the contrary, I am particularly partial to them as long as they continue so, and I hope for my own sake—for I'm not a marrying man, sure I could only settle my whiskers and my debts on a wife—that it will be a long time before they get married. For their own sakes though, I'm sure I wish them every happiness and plenty of husbands. (Loud cries of "There's only one," and "You're recommending bigamy.") I mean one a piece, ladies and gentlemen. It's Tommy Moore has told us that brevity is the soul of wit, so I shall say no more but move that the bride-maid's health be drunk like a man. (Great applause.)"

After the breakfast was over, I went and changed my things, and at seven o'clock dear Nelson and I started for Oolta Poolta Khan in two doolies.* We managed very well for the first two days, travelling all night, and resting at the dāk bungalows during the day. The third day though, we didn't arrive at the bungalow till the sun was quite up, and when we got there found that there were no servants and nothing to eat. Most providentially we had brought plenty of beer with us,

* A sort of palanquin.

and Nelson had shot two wild ducks as he went along, so we didn't starve. We had to pluck the birds, and do all the cooking ourselves. It was *such fun*. We got the doolies brought into the bungalow, and hung the ducks by a piece of string from the pole of one of the doolies, and lit a fire underneath. They were rather burnt—the ducks—but we made a capital dinner. Fancy a bride of only three days having to cook her own dinner; wasn't it comical?

At the end of four days we got to Oolta Poolta Khan, which is a quite little tiny station. There's only ourselves, three officers of a Queen's regiment, four officers of an irregular regiment, an officer of engineers on the roads,* an uncovenanted assistant-commissioner and his wife and children, and a married Scotch missionary.

Of course we can't associate with the uncovenanted assistant-commissioner's family, who are quite low people and don't belong to the services. None of the Queen's officers are married, but only the second in command and Doctor of the Company's—that is to say have their wives out here—for the commandant is married too, but his wife is in England and he hates her so, that though the doctors have often recommended him to go home, he won't because his wife is there. They say she is very extravagant, and when she wants any more money she threatens to come out to India, on which her husband immediately increases her allowance. I don't like the Queen's officers a bit; they give themselves such airs, and are not half as nice as the Company's. The latter have been some time in India though, which accounts for it. Everybody says that the Company's officers are much more polite to ladies and have much better manners than the Queen's.

I was so tired the day I arrived that I didn't go to the band, but the next day, being Sunday, we attended service at the missionary's house. Oh, how angry I was to be sure; nearly everybody in the station was there, and as soon as I came in all their eyes were fixed on me. I heard them whispering to each other, "Look, that's the bride." I was so cross that I pulled down my veil and kept it down all the time, so they didn't see much of me.

On the Monday everybody called; I declare I was quite tired, but I learnt a good deal about the people. They all talked of each other, and weren't they ill-natured in their remarks.

It is a nice sell for the Doctor's wife; till I came she was the burra mem. She is a nasty stuck-up woman, and evidently wants to patronize me; but she shan't though, I can tell her. She talks a good deal about her husband's position and says that, at Court, he, being an M.D., would take precedence of everybody in the station. He's awfully in the banks,† indeed everybody here is; yet she has the impertinence to fancy she is to lead the society of the place. It will be a pity if I don't cut her out in dress, and dinners too. Such presumption to try and vie with a civilian's

* Not sentenced to hard labour, but employed in constructing the roads.

† Meaning that he had borrowed a good deal from the banks.

wife, seeing that the civilians are the nobility of the country ; and though Nelson *is* an officer, yet he is in civil employ. Imagine the uncovenanted assistant-commissioner's wife having the insolence to call on me. I made her feel awfully uncomfortable though, for I was as formal as possible, and merely bowed instead of shaking hands with her, when she left. I am so angry to find that the Doctor's wife has got a carriage and pair, while Nelson has only got a buggy as yet. I have made him write off to Calcutta at once for the newest and handsomest carriage out from England. Her's is only country built ; so, when it comes, she'll be cast quite into the shade.

One of the Queen's officers has only just arrived in India and is always making absurd mistakes about the language. The other day his servant called him "banda nawaz," which means "your slave's protector," or something of that sort. He thought, however, that he had been called "bunder nawab," which is "king of the monkeys," and nearly killed the poor wretch.

CHAPTER XX.

A MEDDLESOME MISSIONARY—BEAUX AT THE BAND-STAND—UP AT THE HILLS
—LOVELY AND LOVING—A TONIC—AN UNFORTUNATE LETTER.

PAHAREEPORE, 15th June 18—.

THE dear delightful hills have been so full of every sort of fun, that I really have only had time to write a few letters occasionally, and haven't put a thing down in my journal for ever so long. I came up here about six weeks ago, and was, oh, so astonished. People talk about the hills, and I thought that they might, perhaps, be a little higher than Arthur's Seat at Edinburgh, but they are real big mountains, and you can see ever so much snow a little way off.

I must go back a little. Sadeepore was very nice at first. The native regiment has got a pretty good band, and it used to play twice a week on the mall, where everybody used to go under pretence of being fond of music, but in reality to see each other, and because they had nothing better to do. By the bye, I made a mistake ; it is a regular N. I. regiment which is quartered there, and not an irregular corps. I thought they were irregular at first, because there were so few officers ; but I soon found out it was a regular regiment, with almost all the officers away on leave, or civil employ. Only fancy what a lot of work they must have ! I mean those that are present. Nelson says that Captain Cummerbund, the second senior, commands four companies, and that his wife keeps the accounts of two of them. The Adjutant is quartermaster as well, and commands three others, and the remaining one is commanded by a young boy only eighteen years old. The com-

manding officer is an old Major, about fifty-five, who has been all his life, till he became Major, employed in the commissariat—gram* bags they call them—and knows nothing at all about soldiering. Besides, he is almost deaf and can't see twenty yards. The regiment seems to do well enough though, so I can't see what those Queen's regiments want so many officers for. There has been a great fuss in the station lately. The missionary, the Rev. Exeter Hall, has been meddling with the sepoy's and trying to make them become Christians. Several of them were converted; and the doctor, who goes in for being religious, used to help the missionary and have prayer-meetings at his bungalow. At last some of the Mussulman and Brahmin native officers came to the commanding officer, and complained that their religion was in danger. They said if Hall Sahib was allowed to go on converting, there would be a disturbance, for the people would think the Koompanie Bahadur wished to make them all Christians. The Koompanie Bahadur was ruler of all things, and no one would dare to act so, unless it had got orders from it. When they went to their villages on furlough, they themselves—the native officers—though they had not listened to the Giaour's words, would be considered disgraced, and would not be able to eat with their brotherhood. Major Puggree was very much frightened at this, and didn't know what to do, so he told them he was their father and that he would speak to the burra sahib and get it stopped. This seemed to satisfy them, and saying that Major Puggree was their father and their mother, and they his children, they went away looking quite happy. Old Puggree came to consult Nelson about it, who was furious, as he well might be, at the behaviour of the missionary. Upon my word it's too bad, his going and making such a fuss and interfering so with the natives when everything was going on so quietly and nicely before.

Such a shame too, for the sepoy's are so gentle and nice mannered, and so fond of their officers, as long as you don't interfere with their religion. These missionaries, Nelson says, are the greatest plague possible, and give Government more trouble than anything else besides. Nelson soon settled the question; he sent word to Mr. Hall that he was not to have any more open-air preaching or going among the sepoy's lines, and at the same time reported the matter to Government. He also advised Major Puggree to scold the doctor well and forbid him for the future to speak to the sepoy's about religion. The end of it was that the sepoy's who had become Christians, and persisted in remaining so, were discharged, for the native officers said things would never go right till they were. Mr. Hall was told that if he was not more careful for the future he would be turned out of cantonments; and the doctor was removed from the regiment and sent off four hundred miles, in the hot weather, to take charge of invalids for Calcutta. I must say I was delighted to get rid of him and his impertinent wife, though I pretty well managed to put her nose out of joint before she left. When I first came here

* Gram is a sort of pea which is given to horses and sheep in India.

there used, to be, at the band-stand, Nelson and I, in our buggy; Mrs. Pill, as I call her, in her carriage; Mrs. Captain Cummerbund, on horse-back; the uncovenanted civilian's wife, with her vulgar, forward daughters in a gharrie; and Mrs. Hall in a jampan, and most of the officers on horses or tals. The first night or two Mrs. Pill was surrounded by gentlemen, but I soon got them over to me; and before she went hardly a soul went near her, and she had to pretend to be very motherly and talk to her flabby pasty looking children, whom she had never taken any notice of before. She did this just to show how domestic she was and that she was so fond of her husband and children that she had no attention to spare for gentlemen. Everybody saw through her, though. If by any chance a gentleman did go up to her carriage, I made a point of sending to say I wanted to speak to him.

I got on capitally with Nelson for a little while, but it soon ended. The first week it was: "Only tell me what you want, darling, and you shall have it;" but when, after ordering a few trifles that were absolutely necessary, such as a carriage, a box of millinery from Calcutta, a bracelet and a pair of ear-rings, and a piano, which one couldn't do without, he got quite cross because I told him I must have a box of dresses out from Paris. So unreasonable of him! There was that Mrs. Pill flaunting in my face every Sunday the bonnets and dresses she had just got from England, and I wasn't going to be worse dressed than her. We had a regular quarrel about it. He said he was quite willing to get anything he could afford, but that a box from Paris he could not and would not get. I asked him why he didn't borrow some money from the banks, if he hadn't got any by him. He replied that he couldn't, that he already owed them 10,000 rupees and they wouldn't let him have any more. Oh my, how foolish he looked, when I inquired what he had spent that on, and he was obliged to confess that he had lost it in racing. I told him it was quite shameful men spending all their money on themselves, and then grudging their wives what was positively necessary for their position. He began to be very savage and said that I was enough to ruin any man, whatever his income might be, and that he was a great fool for having married me. I was in such a way at this, that I really went off into hysterics. He got frightened at this, and when I came round kissed me and said he did not mean what he said and that I should have what I wanted. I like a fool was melted at this and told him I didn't really want it, and that I had been very naughty too. I was sorry for it afterwards; but he did look so unhappy, I couldn't help it.

After all Nelson is a good old fellow, and I am very fond of him, though he *does* put me out awfully sometimes. The worst of it is he gets so jealous, and doesn't like me to receive gentlemen visitors when he's out. So stupid and ill-natured of him, for he's all day long out at that nasty cutcherry, and I'm so dull all by myself. There are no books here I care about reading, and I am tired of the piano, with nobody ever to listen to my playing. At last I got so nervous and low-spirited that

I asked Nelson to let me go up to the hills. He wouldn't listen to it at first; men are so unfeeling when their own comfort is concerned. I was determined I would go somehow or another, though I pretended to give up the idea at first. A young bachelor doctor came to the station in the place of the one who had been removed, and I flattered him so that he got quite spoony at last. When I had him under my thumb I began hinting how nervous I was, and how I suffered from the heat. Then when he came to visit me, I used to appear so melancholy and to say hardly a word. At last he got quite frightened and told Nelson that if I did not go up to the hills at once I should be seriously ill. So it was settled that I should spend six weeks at Pahareepore to see if it would do me any good. Nelson wouldn't let me go there for longer at first.

When I got up there, I found Nelson had got a friend of his to take a nice little cottage for me—he wasn't able to go up with me himself. He had wanted me to go shares in one with a Mrs. Buckner, who is a friend of his; but I had no idea of being spied on, so I said I should feel more independent being by myself, unless he was afraid he couldn't trust me. Of course, I got my own way after that. I had a very tedious journey up all by myself, but I met an Ensign of the Queen's and his wife at one of the dāk bungalows who was very kind to me and gave me some beer, for I couldn't get any myself at that place. I thought them very nice people, but I heard afterwards that she had not been quite proper before her marriage. I think, though, that people always say that when an Ensign marries, and I don't believe it a bit.

I got up to my house quite early, and so hungry expecting, to find that the Khansamah Kurrem Bux, whom I had sent on in front, had got breakfast ready. The nasty lazy fellow never arrived till twelve o'clock, and I had nothing to eat all that time but a biscuit. I was so angry and threatened I would get him well punished if he did it again. He declared his tal had fallen lame, and that he would take care that everything was ready another time. Would you believe it, the very next day he stopped gossiping and drinking in the bagar, that he kept me nearly three hours waiting for dinner? I didn't say a word to him then; but next morning sent him off with a note to the Cantonment Magistrate, who is a great friend of Nelson's, saying how badly the Khansamah had behaved, and begging that he might be severely punished. In about an hour he came back, saying that the Sahib had made him eat stick—which meant that he had been well flogged—and that he would always behave well for the future. It was really very kind of the Cantonment Magistrate, and I wrote and thanked him. I was rather sorry for Kurrem Bux, as he had always been very attentive down in the plains; but those Mussulmen are so insolent when no gentlemen is with one, for they think it quite degrading to wait on a lady, so it served him right.

It was immense fun up here. Every morning I used to go out

before breakfast on horseback, and every evening in my jawpan. At first it was rather dull, as I knew scarcely anybody, but I soon made lots of acquaintances. Major Clatter of the Queen's and I became great friends. People say he is very wild, but yet he visits everywhere and goes to all the balls and parties, so I don't believe a word of it. He is so good-looking too. The worst of it is he is rather effeminate in his dress. Only think, he wears a bracelet. He is very attentive to me though, and waltzes divinely, so I don't see why I shouldn't flirt with him. Nelson can't complain; it's so lonely being up here by one's self, unless one has some one to escort one out riding and pay one attention. If Nelson were up here I wouldn't have so much to say to him; but as he isn't, he doesn't suffer, and I can't positively do without admiration from somebody, and if I can't get it from my husband I must from some one else. He comes and rides with me every morning. We first have coffee at my bungalow, and then go on the mall.

Oh, I was so angry the other day. Major Clatter had come as usual, and the bearer had shown him into the drawing-room which has only got a chick between it and my bed-room. I was just finishing dressing and he was talking to me through the chick, when, so unfortunate it was, in came the greatest gossip in the station, Mrs Buck, to ask me about some pattern she said, but I knew she did it on purpose, the wretch. I was certain it would soon be all over the station, and that some one would write and tell Nelson, and so it was. I got such a savage letter from him; just as if there was any harm, though I must say it was stupid in me to let myself be caught by Mrs. Buck.

I hate the ladies up here, they are so spiteful and jealous if a gentleman pays one attention, though they'd be too glad to have him dangling after them if they could. There's only one lady I am at all intimate with, and that is Mrs. Jamieson. She's like me, she hates ladies; and quite right, for they are very ill-natured to her. It was only yesterday I was paying a visit to Mrs. Wheedle when she asked me who the lady was I was riding with that morning. I said Mrs. Jamieson.

"What Mrs. Jamieson?"

"Mrs. Dr. Jamieson."

"Oh, the naughty Mrs. Jamieson."

There are too Mrs. Jamieson's in the station, and my friend is called the naughty Mrs Jamieson, to distinguish her from the other I suppose, because she makes herself agreeable to gentlemen.

I, Major Clatter, and Mrs. Jamieson, often ride out together, and it's such fun charging along the mall in a row, galloping as fast as we can. Don't the jawpans get out of our way, the ladies in them looking so cross; and as for the elderly gentlemen on their tals, they nearly get thrown and growl so, it's quite pleasant to hear them. There have been several balls, and I have been to all of them. Major Clatter always comes to my bungalow and escorts me to them. The other day I had him to dinner on the sly. Somebody must have heard of it though, for Nelson wrote

me such a letter, saying that he had heard such accounts of my goings on that he insisted on my coming down to him directly. I wrote a very penitent reply, and begged hard to remain up a little longer, as the Doctor said he was sure the plains in the hot weather would kill me. I told him that it was all people's spite, that I hadn't really behaved ill, but that I would be more careful for the future. I was dreadfully afraid though, he would make me come—for like all little men he is very obstinate—and poor Clatter was in such a state, I felt quite sorry for him. Oh, how delighted he did look, when I told him I had got a reprieve.

"A reprieve? you don't say so, I am so glad, upon my word; your husband isn't such a brute after all."

The suspense and worry made me feel so low and nervous that I went to the English shop, Andrew's, and asked for some orange bitters and soda water for a tonic. Mr. Andrews said he had none left but he would give me something which would do as well. What do you think it was? brandy and soda-water. I didn't find it out till I had drank half the glass, so I thought I might as well finish it. My goodness, how thankful I was there was nobody there to see me.

Oh dear, oh dear, what a fool Nelson is to be sure. Could anything be so unluckily, just as I was enjoying myself up here so much too? Dear old Mary Billings—Jack Billings as she is called—is rather fast and piques herself on writing a manly hand. She has just written to me from Bareilly, saying she is coming up here directly, and talking about how delightful it will be to meet again, she ends her letter with:

"I do so long to see your dear pretty face again, and talk over all the pleasant days we have passed together. Can you put me up in your bungalow, at all events till I can get one for myself? I am so glad your husband is not with you, as I shall have my dear little girl all to myself—Ever yours, most affectionately,
JACK BILLINGS."

"P.S.—In case you should have returned from the hills, as you said you should not stop long, I have directed to Sadeepore."

She knows she is called Jack, and always signs herself when she writes to me like that. Nelson, when he saw what he thought a strange man's handwriting, took it into his head to open the letter, and the consequence is that he has ordered me to come down at once and sent directions to his friend the Cantonment Magistrate to lay my dāk this evening, so I must go.

The stupid jealous old goose, won't I pay him out, and make him ashamed of himself when I see him. Poor Clatter, how grieved he will be!

(To be continued.)

A MIDSUMMER DAY'S DREAM.

" We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

IN a close street in the city, where the houses are high, and the roadway narrow, in a hot, small room, far up a high and creaking staircase, and close beneath the sloping, scorching roof, a young girl lies by an open window. The room is mean and stamped with the squalid mark of poverty, the paper is torn and blackened on the decaying walls, the floor is worm-eaten and uneven, and, over all, the sun-baked roof hangs like a mass of heated iron. Yet the denizen of this city garret is neither vulgar nor squalid. Her face is very fair and very pale. The large blue eyes look out wearily from the wan face, and the rich masses of golden hair are beautiful even on the coarse and tattered pillow where they rest. The small, thin hand wanders restlessly about the threadbare cover of the bed, and the weary eyes look longingly out through the small window. It is no fair prospect that meets that eager gaze. The tall chimneys cast their long shadows on the roofs, the smoke hangs in a murky mist above, and here and there through the haze appears the fair blue sky of God, which hangs even over the city, if men would but lift their eyes to see it. How often have the sick girl's eyes watched the shadows lengthen on the roofs, and seen the sky grow dusky, then break anon into a lurid glare as the lights of mighty London brake forth into being! How often, during the hot, breathless days of summer, has the poor sick bird in her close, stifling cage sighed for the days which were once, and which she knows too well shall never more return; days when the air was fresh on her young cheek, then blooming with the flush of health, and when no narrow streets shut out the world from her joyous gaze. But this bright sunny day in summer has brought pleasant fancies, wafted perchance by good angels to that lonely couch; for, even in such neglected spots, as this ministering angels find their way. As the sick girl gazes out of her narrow window and fondly clasps some field flowers which a kindly neighbour has brought, her eyes fall lovingly on a rose-bush placed in an opposite window. It is a poor flower enough, already withering in that airless place; but, still true to its nature, it sheds a delicate perfume which comes floating to the wan-faced sufferer at the window; and as she gazes on the fast fading roses, the tall grim chimneys, and the hot, dusty roofs, and the high blank walls vanish away, and she sees a vision of green fields and pleasant woodland spots far away from the roar of

London. Once more she treads the hill-side, where the trees whisper their love songs to the winds, and where the cowslips grow in the spring-time. Once more she lingers by the hedge-rows where the May-bloom scatters "the summer snow" around, and the nightingale warbles among the leaves, and the insects hum drowsily in the warm air. Again the scenes of her childhood are around her—a sister's voice rings merrily in her ears, and a father's strong hand caresses her lovingly. The blythe time when she went a-Maying comes back again, and once more her light feet dance around the May-pole and the dewy flowers droop among her shining hair. She feels again the fresh, cool breeze of morning, and she hears the sky-lark,

"Ethereal minstrel, pilgrim of the sky,"

caroling his matin hymn at the bright portal of heaven, as she used to hear him years ago from her own rose-trellised window *at home*.

At home! Ah! how many sorrows, and wants, and agonies now ring her young heart since that dear word was lost! We are all too ready to chafe at the sameness, and quiet, and want of excitement of home; but if ever that sacred home becomes a name only—if the well remembered room, and the well loved spots are left, and the stranger lives in our old home haunts—how bitter is the recollection of the past, how strong the longing for the days that are gone, and for one brief sight of "the old familiar faces."

"There's not a joy the world can give
Like that it takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines
In feeling's dull decay."

And so the sick girl dreamed of her childhood's home, of the roses and myrtles which clustered round her window ere yet she knew what sorrow was. Above her the fleecy clouds were anchored in the blue ocean of sky; around her the flowers bloomed their brightest, and the birds sang their sweetest, and all Nature basked in sunshine. She wandered again by the calm still river, where the trout slept in the sandy shallows and the forget-me-nots sparkled on the bank, where yellow and white lilies lay like Aphrodite rising from her ocean bed and looked up into the sky and gave their incense to heaven. And the willows whispered as they used to whisper in the dear days gone by; and the hawthorn-bower, where she heard her first and only tale of love, was white again with blossoms; and the river rippled ever at her feet.

* * * * *

The shadows were long and ghostly; the sky was blank, for the stars beamed not there; and a mourning mother knelt beside that poor couch with neighbours who wept for sympathy: they said that she was dead; but she was but dreaming still in that summer which ends not, and where the snows of winter come no more for ever.

HESPERUS.

LUDWIG UHLAND.

BY J. A. LANGFORD.

EVERY lover of true poetry in England read the announcement of the death of Ludwig Uhland with as deep and genuine a sorrow, as would have been felt by the most ardent of his admirers in Germany. It was acknowledged by all that not only the Fatherland, but that the civilized world had sustained a loss by his death which could not be lightly estimated, nor easily forgotten. When a poet dies, men have reason to grieve. The chiefest among the best gifts of God is a genuine child of song, and Uhland had proved his claim to that noble title by works which the "world will not willingly let die." He had won for himself a corner in the hearts of thousands, and his name and fame were dear to all who had ever yielded themselves to the magic of his strains. Few among his countrymen—few in any country have struck a sweeter and more human lyre than he. His works have become the treasures, which are most precious to those who know their worth; and his patriotic lays, his exquisite love songs, his charming ballads, and his delightful romances, are possessions far more valuable than gold, yea than much fine gold. In heart-felt gratitude for the many hours of unspeakable pleasure, which we owe to his poems, we now lay our little stone on the great cairn which posterity will raise to his memory.

This noble-hearted poet died on the 13th of November 1862. Ripe in glory, crowned with noble work, loved and revered by his countrymen, honoured by all who honour truth, nobleness, patriotism and genius, he quietly yielded up his spirit, to join the list of noble poets in the better-land. Throughout his long life he had been an ardent lover of his own land; and a still more ardent lover of freedom; he fought the good fight, and happily was not called away until he had won the golden victory. Every one of his gray hairs was a rebuke to flatterers and time-servers. He was a noble-hearted, chivalrous, and faithful man, as well as a true poet. He was what Milton declared a poet should be, as noble as his work. His life was a poem. In seventy and odd years he lived his songs as well as sung them. The work of that long and noble life he has left as a divine legacy to the world—a legacy of some of the purest, sweetest, and most perfect lyrics which we possess; and also the memory of his own noble, pure, and lofty life to encourage and inspire men to carry on the good work and to walk in his footsteps. To such a man no thanks can be too great, no gratitude too intense, no praise too laudatory. In the words of another great German writer he

was indeed a poet worthy of love and reverence, and on his tomb we could truly inscribe that he was a man

"Frisch, frei, fröhlich und fromm."

Perhaps of all German poets, Uhland is the best known in England. Goethe and Schiller have a larger fame, but we question if their works have been, or are read so much, as those of Uhland. This is easily accounted for. His nature was congenial with ours; his love of freedom was so hearty and healthy; his songs were so genuinely the true outpourings of an earnest and genuine man; he is so free from peculiarities and affectations; and in a word he seems so thoroughly English that we almost look upon him as a fellow countryman and stretch out our hands to grasp him as we should that of a brother. His large Teutonic mind was of our race and of our family and we welcomed him as such a man ought to be welcomed—with a heartiness and a love that have never lessened and that will never lessen; but will increase more and more as we become more and more acquainted with his works.

Uhland never sunk the man and the citizen in the poet. It was he who gave a voice to his countrymen's growing patriotism and renewed desire for freedom. To the music of his strains they went on from victory to victory. His were the songs that inspired, his the words that encouraged them in their long and arduous labours. His patriotic songs are dear to his countrymen; and it is a joy to see the enthusiasm with which those in England sing, or listen to others singing, his inspiring strains. In the few specimens, now selected from the many translations which we have from time to time made, we propose to keep clear of the thorny field of politics, and take those which have an universal rather than a local application. His lyrics are exquisitely musical and beautiful. He sings as naturally as the bird sings, and might have said with Tennyson:

"I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing."

It is almost impossible to catch the pure melody of his verse in translation; and all we can premise is that we have done our best. The first selected shall be that little gem—

THE ROE.

Through fields and woods at early dawn,
A hunter chased a roe,
When through the garden-hedge he saw,
A rosy maiden glow.

What to the good steed has befall'n?
Or has he lost his way?
What to the worthy hunter's chanced,
No more to hunt his prey?

Yet swiftly over hill and dale,
Still flees the anxious roe!
Rest, silly thing! the hunter has
Forgot thee long ago!

The pleasant fancy of the last verse is especially poetical ; and will be appreciated by every reader. We must quote another little poem, so often translated that it may appear something like egotism to give our own. But we have not been quite satisfied with any rendering yet, and cannot say that we are so with that one of this matchless little poem.

THE SERENADE.

What wakens me from slumber now,
 With music's sweetest power ?
 O, mother, see who it may be,
 At such an early hour ?

 I nothing see ; I nothing hear :
 Keep still thy slumbers mild ;
 No serenade is brought thee now,
 My poor, my sickly child.

 It is not music of the earth,
 That thrills me with its might ;
 But angels call my soul with song :
 So, mother, now, good-night !

In romantic ballads Uhland was in his own demesne, and is extremely happy. Some of these are among the finest of the kind ever written. We cannot spare room for a longer and more characteristic specimen of his manner, and content ourselves with giving the very beautiful—

COUNT EBERHARD'S WHITETHORN.

Count Eberhard the bearded,
 Of Wurtemberger's land,
 A holy journey made
 To Palestina's strand.

And there, as once he rode
 A murmurous forest through,
 He from a whitethorn cut
 A green twig as it grew.

And in his helmet then
 With care the twig placed he ;
 He bore it through the fight,
 And through the raging sea.

And when at home returned,
 He planted it in earth,
 And now the sweet Spring called
 New burgeons into birth.

He watched it year by year,
 The Count both good and true,
 His mind therein rejoiced
 Beholding how it grew.

The Knight is weak and old,
 The twiglet is a tree ;
 Beneath its branches oft,
 Him, grey-haired, dreaming see !

The archings broad and high,
By softest breezes fanned,
Remind him of old time,
And of the distant laud.

A large number of Uhland's songs have long ago obtained the highest honour that can be awarded to them; they have become Volks-Lieder, People's songs; and are especial favourites in Germany.

Our next selection is from this class :

SONG OF THE MOUNTAIN BOY.

A mountain shepherd boy am I,
The castles, see, below me lie;
Here beams the morning's earliest ray,
And here eve's latest round me play,
The mountain boy am I.

The birth-place of the stream is here;
Fresh from its source I drink it clear:
As o'er the cliff it wildly flows,
My arms the narrow stream enclose;
The mountain boy am I.

The mountain is my heritage,
The storms around it roar and rage,
From north to south they howl along,
But over all is heard my song!
The mountain boy am I.

Here, in the blue I stand so high,
Lightning and thunder 'neath me lie;
I know them, and to them I pray—
Keep from my father's house away,
The mountain boy am I.

And if the tocsin once resound,
And fires shall gild the mountains round,
Then I descend, march in the throng,
And wield my sword, and sing my song!
The mountain boy am I.

Our next specimen is in another style, but is admirable in thought, expression, and melody. It is entitled :

NIGHT RIDE.

Now in the gloomy land I ride,
No light of morn or stars to guide;
The cold winds round me hissing:
Oft have I passed along this way,
When golden sunshine here did play,
The gentle breezes kissing.

I ride the gloomy garden through,
The withered trees wild shrieks renew,
Dead leaves are round me weeping:
In rose-time here rejoiced have I,
When love all things did sanctify,
My love her tryst was keeping.

But clouded now the sun's bright ray,
 The roses all have passed away,
She in her grave is lying.
 And in the gloomy land I ride,
 Through winter-storms, no light to guide,
 My cloak around me tying.

The two last poems composed by Uhland are very short but very sweet. The first was written in the year 1861, and the last, it is said, not long before his death in 1862. As these are only of four lines each, we give the original as well as the translation :—

AM MORGEN DES 27 MAI 1861.

Morgenluft so rein und kühl,
 Labsal thauend allem Volke,
 Wirst du dich am Abendschwül,
 Thürmen zur Gewitterwolke ?

ON THE MORNING OF THE 27TH MAY 1861.

Morning breeze so pure and cool,
 Comfort shedding upon all :
 Clouds of thunder wilt thou roll
 In the evening's sultry fall ?

AUF DEN TOD EINES KINDES.

Du kamst, du gingst mit leiser Spur,
 Ein flücht'ger Gast im Erdenland.
 Woher ? wohin ? wir wissen nur :
 Aus Gottes Hand in Gottes Hand.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

Thou with light footfall cam'st, didst go,
 A fleeting guest in this world's land.
 Whither ? and whence ?—we only know :
 Out of God's Hand, into God's Hand.

So sweet a little poem was a fitting work with which to close such a life !

REJECTED.

It is no dream—though for a little while
 I strove to give my better sense the lie,
 And think it all a vision passed away.
 But 'tis no dream that haunts us in the night,
 And through the ivory portal flits at morn.
 It is a truth, hard, stern, invincible,
 Cold as the world's compassion, or its love.
 A small pink note, a tiny shining seal,
 A perfumed trifle from a lady's hand,
 That occupied five minutes of her time,
 Or less perchance—her hand was ever quick,
 And this slight missive has sufficed to throw
 A cloud about me, to shut out the sun,
 And make me see the world with other eyes !
 Methought the skies were blue, the summer fair,
 The breezes buoyant as my own light heart ;
 And now the world seems breathless, and the sun
 Hangs like a mocking demon o'er my head.
 Jove, say the classic poets, laughed to see
 A love forsaken and a broken troth ;
 Surely all Nature mocks at me to-day,
 With smiling flowers and dancing summer leaves,
 And whispering winds which wanton with my hair.

* * * * *
 And yet I loved her ! Ah ! the greater fool
 To trust bright eyes, rose lips, and sun-kissed hair.
 Bright eyes can flash, as summer lightnings do,
 On many different watchers in a night ;
 And pouting lips can fashion pretty lies
 For twenty lovers in as many hours.
 Then where is my philosophy ! Alas,
 It is a nurse that cannot sympathize,
 And cauterizes while it heals the wound.
 And now the world lies open to my choice,
 And I may sink or swim, or live or die,
 Walk lonely in my own ways till the end.
 It may be that the kind physician, Time,
 Will heal the smarting torture of the wound ;
 But not all suns that ere shall warm the earth,
 Can drive one haunting shadow from my life.

W.B.

The Lady's Literary Circular:

A REVIEW OF BOOKS CHIEFLY WRITTEN BY WOMEN.

NOTES ON WILD FLOWERS. By a LADY. (Rivingtons.)

ADAM, as the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and creeping things of the earth, pass in review before him, forms a very pretty picture, which is equally attractive to children as the famous procession of animals into the ark, which, perhaps, very young critics consider the *chef d'œuvre* of pictorial art. We wish what Adam did for the lion and others, *Eve had done for the flowers*. That the glories which dye the surface of nature, that pendent hang their jewelled splendours, lift up their heads to drink the sunbeams, or hide their lovelinesses in quiet nooks, had all, clustering round the white feet of the first woman, received from her their names. As it is, religion, science, and accident have stood as godfathers and godmothers to the children of the floral world, and these "a Lady" pleasantly describes and explains in the present volume, calling the wild flowers by their names and telling us why they are so called. Her task is very well done.

TREVLIN HOLD; OR SQUIRE TREVLIN'S HEIR. By the Author of "East Lynne." (Tinsley Brothers.)

As long as families have *property* to quarrel about, there is likely to be no end of strife, divisions, and plottings between those who think themselves entitled to the "old people's" houses and land. In this last and careful story of Mrs. Wood, Squire Trevlyn has an estate to leave, and children to leave it to, but then some of those children he thinks disobedient, and others he considers entitled to his favour, which they are not. Of course the sons do not marry the girls whom the Squire would think the pick of earthly women, and so the stern father concludes he may firmly nurse his displeasure against his own children because they have exercised the grand prerogative of nature, the one inalienable right of manhood, to choose their own wives. To enlist the reader's sympathy, the Heir of Trevlyn Hold dies abroad, and a son is born, but of whose existence the grandfather is kept in ignorance. Thus

the old man is persuaded to leave his "property" principally to a married daughter who had not offended him, and this Mrs. Chattaway, with an unscrupulous helpmate and tyrannical children, lord it over the other members of the family until the end—when the rightful heir is seated in his seat with a dexterity and ease that shows Mrs. Wood is a real magician and mistress of the spirits she has called up from the deep of her imagination.

THE STATESMAN'S YEAR BOOK. By FREDERICK MARTIN. (Macmillan & Co.)

Not only for *men*, this volume of statistics will find its way into the hands of every woman of fashion and education who cares to know and understand something about the Royal Families of the civilized world, the resources of their several States, and the forms of government under which "the people" bear with, or enjoy, life. A most excellent book! better than the "*Almanach de Gotha*," and assuredly one which will take possession of our library shelves by its own right of place and welcome.

HUMAN SADNESS. By the COUNTESS DE GASPARIN. (Strahan & Co.)

THE monotone of woe! Toll! toll! toll! this is the sound which the fine ear of sensibility may always hear through all the buzzing hum of human bees in the sunshine of their hour of joy. And yet is the sound true? is the right key-note struck when one sings only of sorrow? Assuredly not. Have we forgotten thee, Leigh Hunt, dear friend of many a hopeful reader? Didst thou not say: "Mark the faces in yon crowd, watch the lines of thought on their brows, round the corners of their mouths, and do not set them down in mistake as the scars of sorrow only; they are also the *trace of joys*, of hopes, of rapture, of high and happy emotions which leave, line by line, like grief, their footsteps behind them." These remarks infer that the work of the Countess de Gasparin (and the lady always commands a large circle of readers) has set the mouth of sadness too much awry. She joins everybody when they weep, and from those who laugh and smile she withdraws in painful compassion. This is not true, this is not healthy *Human Sadness*; it is morbid, and we are afraid that after reading the book we played the eavesdropper and, to cure our melancholy, listened behind a certain park tree to two young lovers, as they unrolled the programme of their hearts. Hark! to their gay prelude, to the merry music of their fingers on Harp of Life! Truly human existence lies between joy and sorrow, living as a *lodger* now with one, now with the other, and preparing for a *Home* elsewhere.

Current History of Literary and Scientific Events.

APRIL 1ST.—FRIDAY.

"Meteorological Magazine."—First number of this Sixpenny scientific work published.

A Fairy Grotto.—Near St. Maurice, Canton de Vaud, a crystal cavern has been discovered at 1300 feet beneath the surface; it is reached by a boat on a subterranean lake. There are other instances of similar grottoes in Switzerland; but this one, on account of its size and beauty, is likely to be generally visited by the lovers of natural curiosities.

Archæological Institute.—Announcement that the Prince of Wales had become patron of the Institute. Description of a block of stone (illustrated by drawings), which lies in one of the mountain passes of Carnarvonshire. This *Stone of the Arrows* is flat and measures six feet in length, and tradition asserts that the Welsh chieftains sharpened their arrows on the rock at the commencement of hostilities. Account given of the course of the railway line, now finally decided, near the Roman Tumuli at Bartlow. Reference made to the continued neglect of the Town Council of Edinburgh to rebuild Trinity College Church; resolution adopted on the subject. The rest of the evening occupied by matters of general, rather than special, interest.

APRIL 2D.—SATURDAY.

The Nation's Pocket-Money.—Amongst those items of public expenditure which the country lays out upon herself, the current year includes Kew Gardens, £19,981; Edinburgh Industrial Museum, £6750; New Record Buildings, Dublin, £18,000; National Gallery, Dublin, £1300; Nelson Column, Trafalgar Square, £4000, on account; and New Foreign Office, instalment, £75,000.

APRIL 3D.—SUNDAY.

APRIL 4TH.—MONDAY.

Zoological Society.—Amongst the papers read were "Accounts of the Death of some Young Lions recently Born in the Society's Gardens," and "On a Visit by Mr. Fraser to several Continental Zoological Gardens."

Institute of British Architects.—An account given of the working drawings of the Opera House now building in Paris; also of the discoveries of buildings and places in the country round Aleppo.

Ancient Coins.—A number of these have been lately excavated in the parish of Burt, on the banks of Lough Swilly, county Donegal. Several of them were thrown away as valueless by the railway labourers, but those saved prove to be silver pennies of King Edgar, A.D. 958-975. It is a curious fact that in a remote part of Ireland these early English coins have turned up; particularly as tradition has pointed to the spot for ages as a place where gold was secreted.

Entomological Society.—Besides the ordinary subjects of general interest, Mr. Wallace exhibited boxes of butterflies, of which the phenomena might be paralleled by supposing the discovery of an island, inhabited by *white* men, and *black*, *red*, and *yellow* women, and of whom the offspring would always be boys *white*, and the girls of different colours, and without being necessarily the colour of the mother.

OBITUARY.—Mr. J. P. Cooke, died in his 78th year. As a stage representative of the British sailor, he enjoyed a lengthened and honourable career.

APRIL 5TH.—TUESDAY.

Anthropological Society.—Paper read, by the Rev. F. W. Farrer, "On the Universality of a Belief in a God and in a Future State." The following fellows were elected:—Messrs. John Brinton, Handel Cossham, E. Bickenson Evans, E. C. Healey, J. Byerley, G. S. Gibson, William Corry, David Gray, John S. Burke, Edmund Farmer, Antonio Brady, and Lieut.-Col. H. Clerk, R.A. Dr. James Hunt, president, in the chair.

Drawing-Room Entertainment.—Messrs. George Cruickshanks, Desanges, Marks, Leslie, and De Maurier devoted their talents this evening to the benefit of the Shakespeare Fund, which will receive some £60 from these gentlemen's efforts.

OBITUARY.—Alaric Alexander Watts, died this day in his 68th year, after a life which has been illustrated by very many literary achievements of mark. First, as a hard working tutor; next as author of "Poetical Sketches;" then as reviewer, journalist and contributor to most of the periodicals of the time, Mr. Watts' name has been long and prominently (until late years) before the public. As many as a score of Conservative journals owe their birth and success to this poet, editor, and honourable man, whose services the country acknowledged with a pension.

APRIL 6TH.—WEDNESDAY.

"*Ahab.*"—Dr. Arnold's new Oratorio produced, attracting the interest of musical circles as a work of promise.

Society of Arts.—Mr. T. Purdie's paper read, "On the Principle of Imitation as applied to the Decorative Arts."

The World once a Month.—Literary students may be reminded that Messrs. Walton & Maberly are now issuing, in 2s. parts, the "History of the World," written in a narrative form by Mr. Philip Smith.

APRIL 7TH.—THURSDAY.

Architectural Exhibition.—This collection in Conduit Street, now open, has special interest in the group of drawings sent in competition for the Liverpool Exchange. The successful one, as our readers will remember, is the work of Mr. Thomas Wyatt, the brother of Matthew Digby Wyatt. The handsome prize-premium was £1000.

Royal Society.—The first paper read was "On the Functions of the Cerebellum," by W. H. Dickenson, M.D., Curator of the Pathological Museum, St. George's Hospital, Assistant Physician to the Hospital for Sick Children, communicated by Dr. Bence Jones. A lengthy discussion took place after the reading of the paper, in which Dr. Carpenter took part and criticised it at some length.

APRIL 8TH.—FRIDAY.

"*The Theological Review,*" a monthly journal of religious thought and life; first number published.

A Testimonial Subscription has been set agoing to relieve the heavy pecuniary losses sustained by Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison in their eight years' attempt to provide a home for English opera; an undertaking which may be qualified as successful, since London will never again rest satisfied without an English Operatic Company.

Royal Astronomical Society.—The papers read were as follow:—"Comparison of the Chinese Record of Solar Eclipses in the Chun Tsew with the Computations of Modern Theory," by the Astronomer-Royal. Sir Thos. Maclean sent a most important and highly interesting paper, containing elaborate explanations regarding the reduction of the moon's polar distance, as observed at the Cape of Good Hope from 1856 to 1857. "On the Comparison of *Sirius*," by the Rev. W. R. Dawes. The paper referred to observations made on the 24th and 25th ultimo. The measures obtained were

Position Angle, . . . 84° 86
Distance, 10"

"On the Comparison of *Sirius* and other Observations," by Mr. Lassell. "Occultations of Stars by the Moon," observed by Captain W. Noble. A paper was also communicated by Mr. A. S. Herschel, "On the State of Meteoric Science."

APRIL 9TH.—SATURDAY.

Number One, published, of the "Fisherman's Magazine and Review," a new shilling monthly. Under the editorship of Mr. Pennell, and, at the price of 1s., the serial may obtain public support, notwithstanding the fate of "The Angler." Manuals on fishing find numerous buyers, but there can hardly be subject enough to carry such a periodical on after the series has exhausted the twelve months of the year.

APRIL 10TH.—SUNDAY.

APRIL 11TH.—MONDAY.

Royal Geographical Society.—Letter read from Mr. Eardley Blackwell, in reference to Captain Speke's describing Lake Nyanza as having *two* outlets: the writer had met with a similar instance, he says, in Lake Lessce-Værks-Vaud, Norway. Papers read "On an Overland Journey in Queensland," and upon "The Formation of a New Settlement at Cape York."

International Exchange of Copies of Works of Fine Art.—The Committee of Council on Education have matured a project whereby the above plan may be carried out, through electrotyping, photography, etc. etc. As a first step, now that the period has arrived when friendly relations might with reciprocal advantages be established between foreign museums and the South Kensington Museum, an Art-Inventory of the latter has been compiled, and copies will be forwarded to Her Majesty's Ministers abroad, through the Foreign Office, to be delivered to the various Governments.

APRIL 12TH.—TUESDAY.

Charles Dickens presided as Chairman of the Annual Festival of the North London and University College Hospital.

Cardinal Wiseman delivered a lecture in the South Kensington Museum, "On the Prospects of Good Architecture in London." Judging from the past and present, his Eminence looks hopefully to the future; and indeed the mass of buildings erected during the last ten years do afford every ground for such expectation.

APRIL 13TH.—WEDNESDAY.

British Archaeological Association.—Besides numerous discussions and exhibitions of other antiquities, the Signet Ring of Cesar Borgia, date 1503, was shown, and in which the *poison cell* was cleverly disposed.

Geological Society.—Two papers read, and several new specimens of interest exhibited, by Sir Charles Lyell, Miss Horner, Doctor H. J. Carter, M. J. Dessort, and J. Evans, Esquires.

Royal Society of Literature.—The interest of the evening centred in a paper, "On the Early Maps of Africa," which, in some instances, are found to be remarkably exact.

Society of Arts.—Mr. J. Morgan read a paper of general interest to mankind, "On a New Process for Preserving Meat."

OBITUARY.—Doctor Schneider, died in his 75th year; accounted the greatest organ player in Germany. Doctor Schneider was beloved and respected as a man, and honoured as a musician.

APRIL 14TH.—THURSDAY.

Royal Society.—Lecture by Professor Helmholtz, "On the Normal Motions of the Human Eye in relation to Binocular Vision."

Signor Roberti's Mass has just been performed in Edinburgh.

APRIL 15TH.—FRIDAY.

New Museums, South Kensington.—Thirty-two sets of designs received in competition for these national works. Lord Elcho, Messrs. Tite, Fergusson, Pennthorne, and D. Roberts, R.A., are the Government Committee appointed to select.

Aurora Borealis.—This beautiful object was seen very clearly at Belfast, two brilliant sheets of light stretching across the whole sky.

Etymology has formed one of the crowd, which everywhere has welcomed Garibaldi; and Professor Etymology says "Garibaldi" means *bold in war* (this we knew). The first part of the word is from the root of the old word for *spear*, Anglo-Saxon *gár*, old Norse *geir*, old Saxon *ger*. From this comes "spearman," the French *guerre*, and the English *war*. *Bald* means *bold*. There was a Duke *Garibald* in Bavaria, in the sixth century, and the name was known in Lombardy in the eighth century.

APRIL 16TH.—SATURDAY.

Artists' General Benevolent Institution.—Forty-ninth Anniversary Festival; the Bishop of Oxford in the chair.

APRIL 17TH.—SUNDAY.

APRIL 18TH.—MONDAY.

Asiatic Society.—The Secretary read a paper, by E. C. Ravenshaw, Esq., "On the Progress of the Ethnology of Asia during the past few years." This communication possessed much interest, from its grouping together the principal works on the subject, and furnishing abstracts of their arguments.

Institute of Painters in Water Colours.—Exhibition opened to the public this day.

Institute of British Architects.—Presentation of medals, followed by a paper, "On the Works of the Early Mediæval Architects—Gundulph, Flambard, William of Sens, and others," by Mr. R. Benjamin Ferrey.

APRIL 19TH.—TUESDAY.

Anthropological Society.—Captain Burton's paper "On Skulls from Annabon in the West African Seas," was the principal paper of the evening.

Institution of Civil Engineers.—This Society continues to notice the great engineering works in progress throughout the world. "A Description of the Santiago and Valparaiso Railway in Chili," was followed by a paper, "On Resistances from Curves, and upon Coal-burning Locomotives."

Kew Gardens.—These beautiful grounds were visited during last year by 188,484 on Sundays, and by 214,934 persons on week days—total 401,081. The reports tell of the successful progress of the Cinchona plantations in the Neilgherry Hills, where the plants are already ten feet high. It is from the Cinchona tree that that most valuable medicine, *quinine*, is extracted; and at one time the original source of supply (in South America) seemed failing without a chance of renewal. Government in India has set out 260,000 plants, and 6600 plants have been given to private cultivators. Similar plantations are succeeding in the Himalayas, Ceylon, Jamaica, and Trinidad. The magnificent collection of timber, and of cabinet and furniture wood, lately in the International Exhibition, is now located at Kew.

APRIL 20TH.—WEDNESDAY.

Meteorological Society.—Doctor Thomson, the president, in the chair. Mr. Glaisher's paper "On the Meteorology of England for the Years 1855 to 1862," read. *Forecasts* for the coming summer, by Lieutenant-Colonel Austen, and Mr. T. De Boulay communicated.

Royal Society of Literature.—The Lord Bishop of St. David's elected President at this, the anniversary meeting.

Archbishop Whately's Commonplace Book.—A selection from this is now being made for publication by Miss Whately.

A Bronze Medal of Garibaldi, has been effectively executed by Mr. T. R. Pinches.

The New Atlantic Cable is being made at a cost of £700,000. It will be heavier than the former one.

APRIL 21ST.—THURSDAY.

Royal Society.—Three papers read; that "On some Phenomena Exhibited by Gun Cotton and Gunpowder under Special Conditions of Exposure to Heat," by Professor Abel, being of general interest.

Shakespeare Festival Concert and Dramatic Entertainments, given in the Agricultural Hall.

Numismatic Society.—Amongst the ancient and modern coins exhibited, was shown a specimen of the copper coinage struck during Garibaldi's occupation of Rome.

APRIL 22D.—FRIDAY.

Elizabeth Garrett, is the name of the first English lady who has passed a regular examination for the medical profession; Miss Garrett duly complied with the regulations of the Apothecaries' Act, and lately passed the ordeal of examination with credit.

Shakespeare.—Grand Concert at St. James's Hall.

APRIL 23D.—SATURDAY.

Shakespeare.—300th anniversary of the birth of the world's foremost man.

Crystal Palace.—Festival and Concert; uncovering Shakespeare's Monument in the gardens. Model of House and other Shakespearian relics exhibited.

Shakespeare.—To plant a tree and give a new name to a hill must surely be accounted a sensible way of honouring and commemorating poet or general, statesman or scientific philosopher. On Primrose Hill, to be called in future Shakespeare's Hill, the Members of the London Trade Societies, through their representative, Mr. Phelps, planted an oak sapling given to them by Her Majesty out of Windsor Forest. Long may it flourish!

Shakespearian Concert and Recital, in the Agricultural Hall, this evening.

Beeton's Shakespeare Memorial.—This consists of 48 folio pages of text and engravings on toned paper; it is very cheap at its price, eighteenpence. The Shakespeare number of "Chambers' Journal" (illustrated) is a valuable compendium made up from the reliable works of Mr. Halliwell and others.

Shakespearian Pieces.—A masque by Mr. Edmund Falconer produced at Drury Lane theatre; it is called "The Fairies' Festival on Shakespeare's Birthday." At the Adelphi, "Shakespeare's House," a sketch, introducing an allegorical drama illustrative of his works, was the *pièce d'occasion*.

Shakespeare and the Literature of England.—This magnificent cartoon by M. Lindenschmidt has been brought from Germany for Exhibition at our Crystal Palace. We referred to this noble work in our last month's "Current History."

A Medal of Shakespeare, designed by John Bell, and executed by Mr. L. C. Wyon, is among the satisfactory art works resulting from the present commemorative spirit.

The Chandos Portrait.—A lithographic copy published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall. Mr. George Scharf made the drawing from the original, and has achieved his task very happily.

Danish National Airs.—A collection of these published: the words by Messrs. M'Gregor, Holms; the music arranged by Mr. Hatley.

"La Captive".—David's New Opera produced at the Théâtre Lyrique.

Those clever Americans, who have availed themselves of balloons for military purposes have lately elevated the art of war by introducing a Flying Machine which has been successfully tested at Washington. Soldiers have often been called machines, and many Federal conscripts have proved themselves excellent Fly-ers.

APRIL 24TH.—SUNDAY.

APRIL 25TH.—MONDAY

Geographical Society.—The lengthy and important communications of Mr. Petherick our late Consul at Khartûm, read.—Dr. Murie, the scientific member of Mr. Petherick's party, described the features of the expedition. Two other papers, "On the Fossil Bones found in the Zambesi Delta," and "On the Antiquity of the Physical Geography of Africa," concluded a highly interesting evening. Mr. Petherick referred to meeting those courageous Dutch ladies who have selected for their grand tour the savage regions of Africa.

APRIL 26TH.—TUESDAY.

Zoological Society.—The meeting was one of only general interest. The collection of birds sent by the society to India has arrived safe.

Shakespeare in Scarlet.—Mr. Halliwell, who is always watching for fresh facts about his hero, calls attention to a large volume in the Lord Chamberlain's office. This antique "Court Journal" gives an account of the dresses of those who took part in the procession when James the First visited London in 1604. The "King's Players" come after the Royal Falconers, and Sweet Will's name is at the top of the Company's names. Shakespeare and eight of his comrades marched, decked out in four yards of scarlet cloth. Have we no painter to illustrate this event?

"The Building News".—This long established Engineers' and Architects' paper now appears under one of the most attractively designed titles of any publication in London. We notice the fact, because the title has been twice altered. This third change has produced a heading with which we may expect the critical eyes of subscribers will be quite satisfied.

Institution of Civil Engineers.—"On the Structure of Engines for Ascending Steep Inclines, especially when in conjunction with sharp Curves on Railways." This paper was followed by one, by Mr. W. Bridges Adams, suggesting Improvements in Wheel Tires.

APRIL 27TH.—WEDNESDAY.

Geological Society.—The interest of the meeting was not of a special character. Three papers read.

Dr. Arnold of Rigby and the Right. Hon. George Tierney.—Marble busts by Behnes of these eminent Englishmen have just been added to the National Portrait Gallery.

Society of Arts.—Discussion on Mr. Webster's paper "On the Patent Laws."

OBITUARY.—Dr. Vogel, physician to Karl August, and medical attendant of Goethe in the last years of his life, died this day. Dr. Vogel, also an author of note, was the editor of "The Correspondence of Goethe and Karl August," which has lately been published by the present Grand Duke.

APRIL 28TH.—THURSDAY.

The Grandest of all Instruments.—A college for organists is in course of being established, and will, as a corporate body, grant diplomas to qualified performers on the organ.

Royal Society.—Paper read by Mr. W. H. L. Russell, "The Fifth Memoir, on the Calculus of Symbols."

Society of Antiquaries.—The hour of meeting changed from eight P.M. to half-past eight, the time originally fixed. The paper read and antiquities exhibited do not call for special remark.

British Archaeological Society.—Besides exhibitions of general interest, Mr. Ormerod read a paper "On the Hut Circles of the Eastern Side of Dartmoor."

Something new under the Sun.—Mr. H. N. King, a Photographer of Bath, has perfected a plan which, whilst simple enough for a child to work, produces ghosts of people and things; so as to out-Polytechnic Pepper.

Ethnological Society.—The papers read were: "On the Celtic Language and Race," by J. Campbell, Esq.; and "On Celtic Languages and Races," by Sir Justin Shiel, K.C.B. J. Lubbock, F.R.S., president, in the chair.

APRIL 29TH.—FRIDAY.

Education, Science, and Art, demand for 1864-5, £1,311,620, being £7 4,797 decrease on the estimates of last year. Public Education is lessened by £98,598, whilst Science and Art are increased by £12,699.

A Syriac MS. of the Gospel, a transcript made in Palestine in the tenth century, from a MS. probably of the fourth century, is about being published in English by Dr. Heidenham. This MS. in the Vatican is spoken of as a "discovery," but it is well known to Oriental scholars and has been printed and translated into Latin.

New Government Museums at Kensington.—The first prize of £400 awarded to Captain Fowke. £250, as second premium, to Professor Kerr; and £150, as third prize, to Mr. C. Brodrick. Thirty-three designs sent in competition, each bearing a motto to identify the work. The Italian axiom, "Each bird thinks its own nest the finest," revealed Captain Fowke.

APRIL 30TH.—SATURDAY.

Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park.—Spring Flower Show.*"Our Mutual Friend."*—Publication of this new Serial, the welcome contribution of Mr. Charles Dickens to the entertainment and elevation of English readers wherever English is read.*"The Alexandra Magazine,"* a sixpenny monthly advocate of woman's industrial and social interests, first published (Jackson, Walford, & Hodder).*"The Musical Magazine."*—First number published. Edited by Dr. Fowle; price sixpence.*Persian Gulf Telegraph.*—The electric cable is now successfully submerged. On connexion of the Turkish lines with Bussorah, news from Calcutta should reach London in two days.*The Empress of Austria* has written and published, for private circulation, "A Winter in the Island of Madeira."

SHAKESPEARIAN MUSEUM.

A temporary SHAKESPEARIAN MUSEUM, to contain old editions of the Poet's Works, or any tracts or relics illustrative of them, has been formed at Stratford-on-Avon. Mr. HALLIWELL is actively engaged in collecting for this object, and he will be glad either to receive as presents for the Museum, or to purchase, any articles suitable to be preserved there. Persons owning any Shakespeariana, would much oblige by communicating with "J. O. HALLIWELL, Esq., No. 6 St. Mary's Place, West Brompton, London, S.W."

6 JU 64

A C
PUB
Journal
current
extensive
copious
To I
Gentry,
the disc
OPINION
Briti
Business
the grea
may obt
sacrifice
enunciat
all impor
question

The ex
of society,
class, but
the day;
the man of
Artistic, o
while its l
valuable m

501

The A
n Advan
post, and
News-agen
Orders to
OFFICE

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

32 Pages, PRICE TWOPENCE,

PUBLIC OPINION.

A Comprehensive Epitome of Fact and Opinion.

PUBLIC OPINION gives the Comments of the various leading Journals—British, Colonial, and Continental—on all important current topics, an elaborate summary of Contemporary Events, an extensive selection of General Miscellaneous Intelligence, and a copious variety of Literary and Popular Reading.

To Politicians, Editors and Authors, the Nobility, Clergy and Gentry, Merchants and Manufacturers, and all who take an interest in the discussion of Political, Social and Commercial Questions, **PUBLIC OPINION** is invaluable.

British Residents on the Continent and in the Colonies, Men of Business, and persons who are desirous of acquiring a knowledge of the great questions that are ever engaging the attention of society, may obtain in **PUBLIC OPINION** (for a trifling sum, and at a small sacrifice of time) a judiciously-compressed *resumé* of the sentiments enunciated by the various leading Journals throughout the world on all important topics, thus obtaining a knowledge of every important question in all its various phases.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The extensive circulation attained by PUBLIC OPINION amongst all classes of society, renders it a valuable Advertising Medium. Appealing to no restricted class, but to the great body of persons interested in the discussion of the topics of the day; aiming to interest alike the Politician, the Clergyman, the Student, and the man of Business, it is peculiarly adapted for Advertisements of a Literary, Artistic, or Scientific nature, the announcements of Assurance Companies, etc., while its lighter pages, attractive to the various members of families, render it a valuable medium for general commercial firms.

SCALE OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

Four Lines and under,	£0 2 6
Each Additional Line,	0 0 6

The Annual Subscription to **PUBLIC OPINION** (post-free, Payable in Advance) is 13s. It is published in time for Friday evening's post, and sold at all Railway Book-stalls and by all Booksellers and News-agents throughout the Kingdom and the Colonies. Post-office Orders to be made payable to J. K. SHARPE, Publisher.

OFFICE: 11 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

THE LONDON REVIEW

OF

Politics, Society, Literature, Art, and Science.

Published every Saturday. 32 Pages.

PRICE 4d. UNSTAMPED. 5d. STAMPED.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, Post-free (*payable in advance*), ONE GUINEA.

THE LONDON REVIEW, established in 1860, comments, in a liberal and independent spirit, on public affairs and the incidents of social life, presents miscellaneous articles of instruction and amusement, reviews all the new books, criticises works of Art, and reports the contemporary progress of scientific discovery and invention.

In this Journal, each member of every educated English family may find the subject which specially interests him discussed in a genial and intelligent spirit. Its contents, contributed by able and experienced writers, embrace so large a field, and are written in such a style that, whilst they commend themselves to a refined literary taste, and to highly-cultivated minds, they are yet attractive to all ranks and classes of society.

In Politics, **THE LONDON REVIEW** is the organ of no party. It professes a liberal, but yet a constitutional, policy. It advocates the reform and enlargement, not the revolutionizing, of our institutions. It would preserve peace with other countries, but maintain the honour of our own. It would promote, by all legitimate means, the extension to all nations of the blessings of constitutional government. In ecclesiastical affairs, it maintains the principles of the Established Church, and seeks to extend the influence of the Church, and to adapt it to the wants of the population and of the age; but it does this in a friendly spirit towards other denominations.

THE LONDON REVIEW heartily allies itself with all judicious efforts for ameliorating the condition of the poor, whether physically, morally, intellectually, or religiously. It engages in the investigation of all those matters which are the common or debateable ground between the domains of Revelation and Science; but it does so in a reverent manner, with an unprejudiced desire to arrive at the truth, and from the stand-point of a sincere belief in Scripture, and of a conviction that its authority will not be impaired, but that its meaning will be elucidated, by the progress of scientific knowledge.

THE LONDON REVIEW is published in time for Friday evening's post, so as to reach Subscribers in all parts of the country by an early delivery on Saturday. It is sold at all Railway-Bookstalls, and by all Booksellers and Newsvendors throughout the country. A Single Copy Post-free on receipt of Five Stamps.

Publisher and Manager, J. K. SHARPE, to whom Post-office Orders are to be made payable.

OFFICE: 11 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.